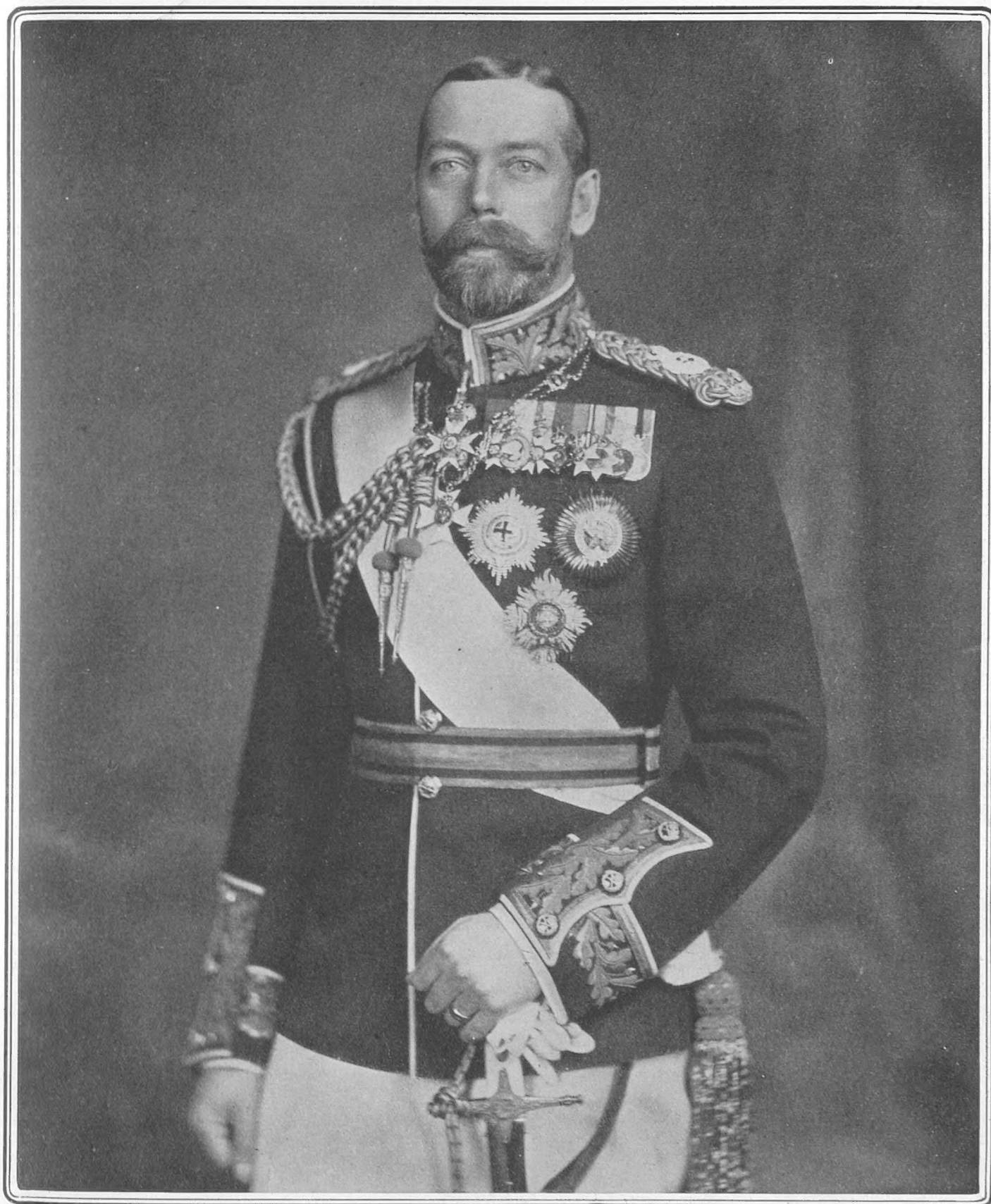


# The Sketch

No. 985.—Vol. LXXVI.

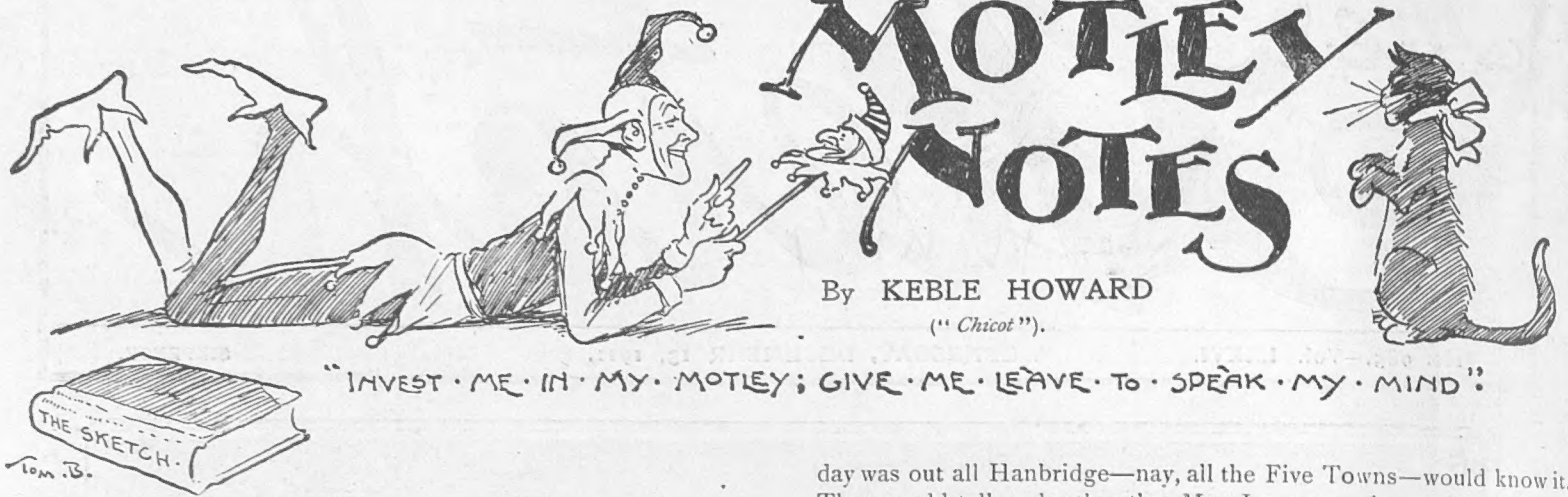
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



WEARING THE STAR AND RIBBON OF THE MOST EXALTED ORDER OF THE STAR OF INDIA, THE STAR OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, THE STAR OF THE MOST HONOURABLE ORDER OF THE BATH, AND THE ROYAL VICTORIAN ORDER: THE EMPEROR OF INDIA—AN UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT.

This portrait, now published for the first time, should be of particular interest this Durbar Week, and, as we have noted, shows the King wearing the star and ribbon of the Order of the Star of India, and the Stars of the Garter and the Bath, together with the Victorian Order. His Majesty is shown in Field-Marshal's uniform, that in which he entered Delhi. On that occasion, too, he wore the Order of the Star of India. In the course of his speech in answer to the Council's address his Majesty said: "I heartily thank you for your loyal and dutiful address, the words of which have deeply touched us. They recall those countless messages of affectionate devotion with which India, in common with all parts of my dominions, greeted us on our Coronation in England, and which have been repeated by all classes and creeds of my Indian subjects since our arrival in your country . . . Rest assured that there is no wish nearer to our heart than that . . . the Indian Empire may continue steadily to advance in the ways of peace, prosperity, and contentment."—[Photograph by W. and D. Downey.]



## TWENTY MINUTES IN THE LIFE OF HILDA LESSWAYS.

(With Apologies to Mr. Arnold Bennett.)

### CHAPTER CXI.

#### THE LEG OF MUTTON.

##### I.

"HILDA!" called Mrs. Lessways.  
"Yes, mother?" replied Hilda.

Let us pause to consider these pregnant sentences. The superficial listener would doubtless have said to himself, "That is an ordinary mother attracting the attention of an ordinary daughter, and the ordinary daughter signifying that her attention has been attracted." We, knowing our Mrs. Lessways and our Hilda very thoroughly, can find a great deal more to say about this tiny dialogue.

Mrs. Lessways had spoken with the slight irritation that betokens a weakening of will-power, perhaps temporary, possibly permanent. There was, almost consciously, a sub-acid flavour in her tone, which, to Hilda's accustomed ears, implied—"I'm still your mother, my fine Missie, and I'll let you know it!"

And what of Hilda's reply? Her proud, dark, sleek, intelligent, playful, kittenish, defiant, challenging, tempting, repelling, rebellious, lovable little head had been tossed a trifle as she answered. All that meant much in the history of Hilda Lessways—far more than you know, and more than I can tell you myself in this section.

##### II.

Mrs. Lessways emerged from the parlour. Her head was swathed in a dingy-coloured cloth—sure sign that she was dusting the parlour. It was her custom to dust the parlour every Monday morning between ten and eleven. Each ornament, in turn, was taken up in her left hand, and dusted, carefully and precisely, with the duster that she held in her right hand. Nobody else was allowed to touch these ornaments under any conditions whatever, not even Hilda. This was a rule of the house. It had been a rule of the house before Hilda was born, and would continue, in all probability, to be a rule of the house long after Hilda was dead. (But that is looking at least ten novels ahead.)

"As you pass Graham's," said Mrs. Lessways, "just order a small leg of mutton for to-morrow's dinner."

"Very well, mother," Hilda replied.

Here, again, we must look for the deep meaning in these sentences. Why did Hilda blanch? That is not a riddle of the sillier sort. I want you to know that Hilda blanched. And I must call your attention to the fact that Mrs. Lessways was digging the nails of her right hand into her right palm. (She had shifted the duster into her left hand.) Why were they behaving in this manner, these amazing types of the Five Towns (for which Allah be praised!)? I will tell you. I could postpone the thrill if I liked, but you shall have it now. Let none say that I am stingy with my incidents . . . Hilda had never before ordered the meat.

##### III.

Both realised the full significance of the moment. A sob, half of triumph, half of bewilderment, half of fear, rose in Hilda's throat. It was as though a field-marshal had surrendered his bâton to a subordinate officer! The struggle had been silent, but it had been fierce. It was the eternal struggle of the ages—the younger generation clamouring for admittance, the older generation clinging with the tenacity of despair to its rights and privileges. Mrs. Lessways knew it. Hilda knew it. Little Florrie would have known it had she not been sitting under the sink, secretly reading sonnets. Before the

day was out all Hanbridge—nay, all the Five Towns—would know it. They would tell each other that Mrs. Lessways, that proud one, was beginning to feel the weight of her years at last. Hilda had been positively bidden to order a leg of mutton from Graham's. Mrs. Graham and Fanny Graham would be the first to spread the news.

"The dusting will take me longer than usual this morning," added Mrs. Lessways.

The feeble little excuse deceived neither. They looked into each other's eyes, and the thoughts of both were plain to be read. I will not repeat them lest the unworthy accuse me of redundancy. My object, on the other hand, is to be as concise and as rapid as possible. For example:

"Very well, mother," said Hilda.

##### IV.

Hilda turned towards the door.

The great moment was over. True, she was not yet outside the house; but, for all that, the moment was over. Mrs. Lessways was not the woman to retract. She never retracted. Hilda knew that. Whatever else her mother did, she would never, never retract. The moment, therefore, was definitely and absolutely over. There is nothing more to be made of it.

Hilda walked towards the door until she reached the mat. The mat scrunched a little beneath her feet. She laid her gloved hand upon the handle. The handle wobbled a trifle. A screw had come out of place, and had not yet been renewed. Another sign of her mother's failing powers! Some day, Hilda told herself, she would have that screw replaced. Ah, that "some day"!

She turned the wobbling handle and opened the door. How's that for rapidity of action? We have opened the door in four words. The fresh air of the Five Towns (my blessing on all Five!) came pouring in through the open door, invigorating, revivifying, strengthening, bracing, resilientising. Hilda snuffed it up like a young war-horse. Even Hanbridge air was delicious at such a moment. Even the air of the Five Towns could have the ecstatic . . .

"Look sharp and shut that door!" called Mrs. Lessways. "D'you want to give me my death o' cold?"

Hilda walked along Lessways Street as though she were treading on air. As a matter of fact, I suppose, she was. Something had happened. That was the one thought definitely fixed in her mind. Life was no longer drab and dull. It held a meaning even for her, Hilda Lessways. She had her place in the scheme of things. She was no longer a cipher, a nonentity. She was needed. She was useful. She could help. She could be trusted to order a small leg of mutton.

Graham's shop stood at the corner of Lessways Street and Calder Street. It had no glass in the front of it, as had other shops. This was to allow the beautiful air of Hanbridge to play round the meat. Few people in the Five Towns thought of that, being mostly dolts.

"Good-morning, Miss Lessways," said Mr. Graham. He was wearing a blue apron, and a steel hung from his leather belt. This was so that he should not be compelled to hunt for the steel whenever he wished to sharpen his knife. There it was, ready to hand.

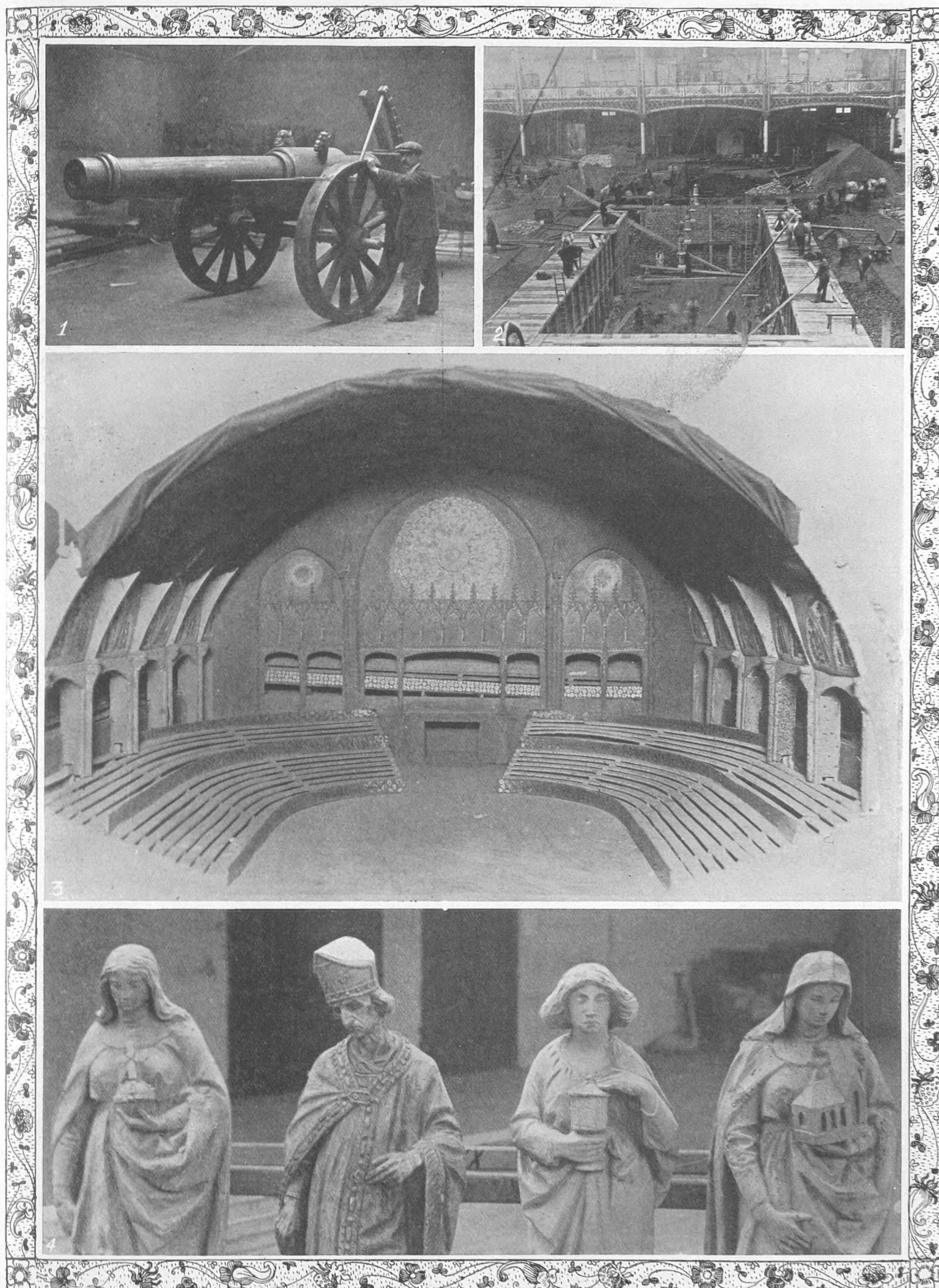
"Good-morning, Mr. Graham," said Hilda. "Mother would be obliged if you would let us have a small leg of mutton in time for to-morrow's dinner."

"Very good, Miss Lessways. Your mother is quite well, I hope?"

"Quite, thank you. Good-morning."

(N.B.—Mr. Graham's account of this interview will be given in the eighth novel of the series.)

## MIRACLES OF "THE MIRACLE": THE REINHARDT PRODUCTION.



1. TO BE DRAWN UP A MOUNTAIN-SIDE BY HORSES; THE GREAT PROPERTY GUN TO BE USED IN "THE MIRACLE."

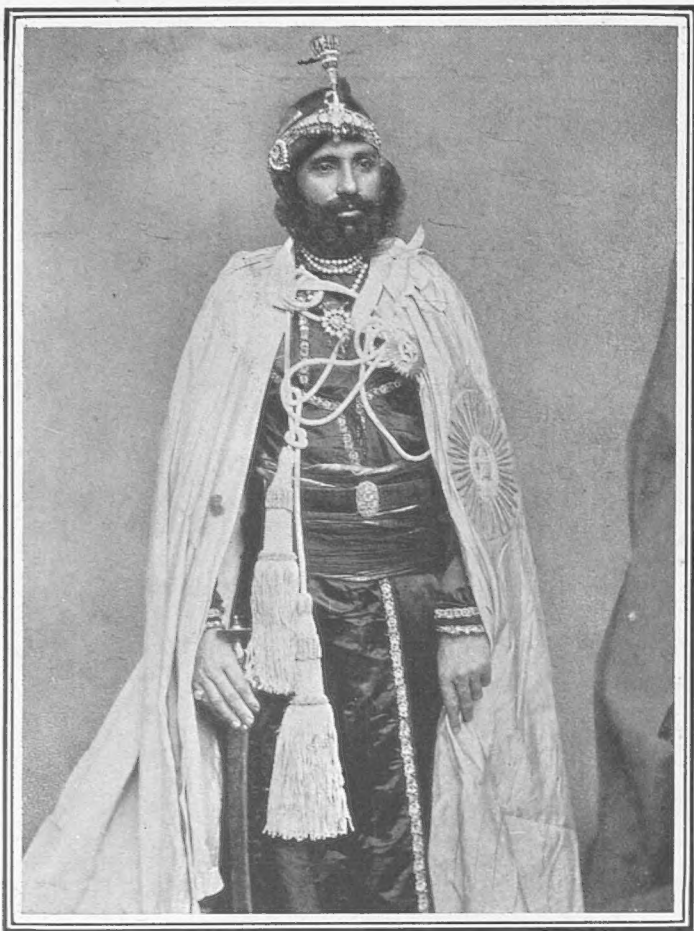
3. THE AUDITORIUM AS A GOTHIC CATHEDRAL; A MODEL.

2. AS LARGE AS DRURY LANE STAGE; THE GREAT TRAP IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ARENA, AT OLYMPIA.

4. FOR USE IN "THE MIRACLE"; STATUES FOR THE GREAT PRODUCTION.

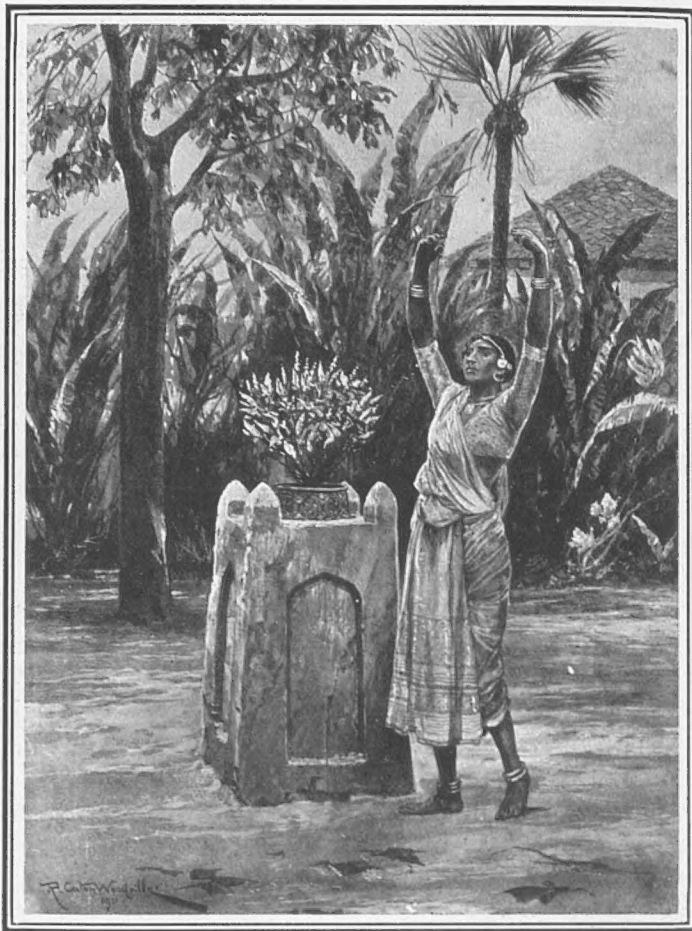
"The Miracle" will be played in the arena of Olympia, which is a quarter of a mile round, and will represent the Gothic interior of a Rhenish Cathedral in the thirteenth century. Some two thousand actors and actresses will appear, and there will be an orchestra of two hundred, with five hundred choristers. The stage will be lighted by searchlights in the roof and the sides of the building. There is an intermezzo representing scenes of the heroine's dreams—huntsmen in pursuit of deer, a masquerade at the Royal Palace, and so on. The cathedral "set" being too big to move, the intermezzo will be played in the centre of the cathedral, in scenery brought up through a Great trap as large as the whole of Drury Lane stage, the cathedral scenery being "black-out" by darkness.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau, Sport and General, and L.N.A.]

## WHERE THE KING-EMPEROR RULES: INDIA, THE STRANGE.



CREATED A PRINCE-IN-WAITING TO THE KING-EMPEROR:  
THE MAHARANA OF MEWAR (UDAIPUR).

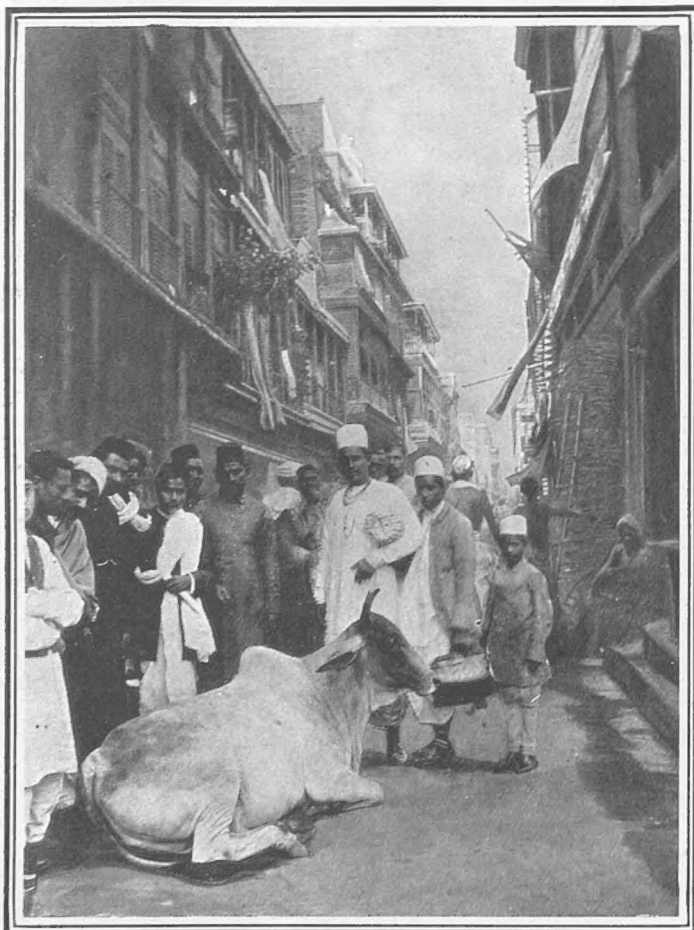
The present Maharana of Udaipur, greatest of the Rajput chiefs, has a personal salute of two guns, in addition to the twenty-one guns to which the holder of the position is usually entitled. He succeeded in 1884, and rules an area of 12,753 square miles. He claims descent from Rama, a name applied to three heroes of Hindoo mythology—Balarama, the elder brother of Krishna; Parashurama, the sixth Incarnation of Vishnu; and Ramachandra, the hero of the Ramayana. It is said that he was unwilling to do homage after rulers of less august origin, and therefore was created a Prince-in-Waiting to the King-Emperor.



PERFORMING "FORWARD—BY YOUR RIGHT" ROUND A BASIL:  
PRAYING TO A "MOSQUITO PLANT."

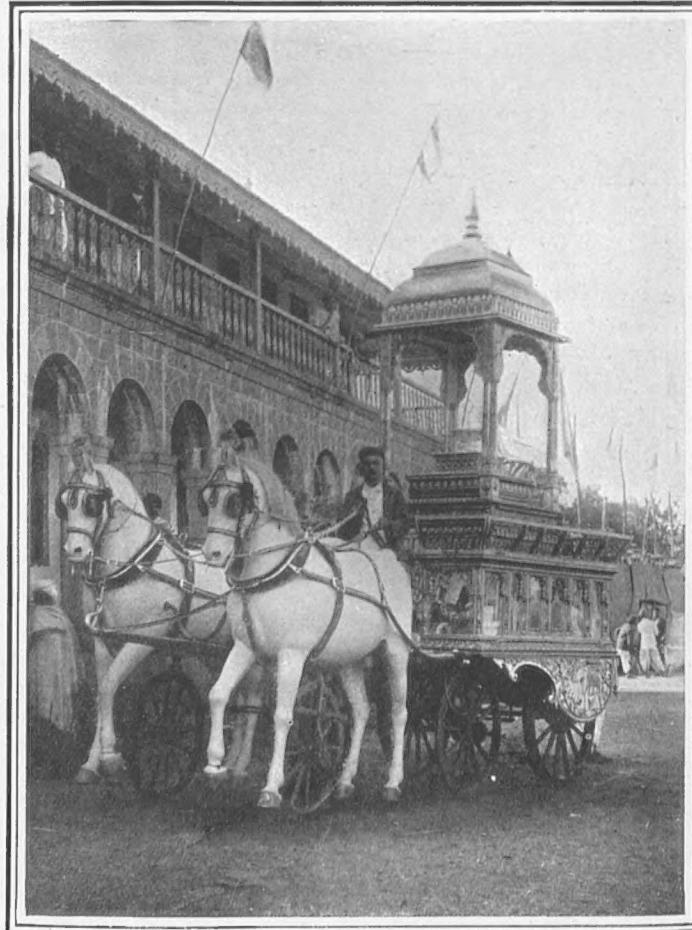
It is thought that certain sub-tropical basilis keep away mosquitoes. Sir George Birdwood, writing in a recent "Times," mentioned "the presence of the plant set upon, or planted into, the four-horned altar within the forecourt or the front garden of every Hindu house . . . where every morning 'the mother of the house' is to be seen performing pradakshina (forward—by your right) or the worship of the plant' by circumambulating it, while she invokes the blessing of the Lord Vishnu . . . that is, prays for less 'malaria' and more 'buonaria'."

FROM A DRAWING BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



STOPPING ALL TRAFFIC UNTIL IT PLEASES TO RISE: A SACRED  
COW RESTING IN A CALCUTTA STREET.

The cow is sacred to the Hindoo, and is held in such reverence that wherever it chooses to rest it is allowed to stay, although it may be stopping the whole of the traffic. Trouble arises on occasion between Hindoos and Mohammedans from the fact that the Mohammedans sacrifice cows at times; then there may be dangerous rioting, in which the "Din Din" of the frontier fanatic is heard.

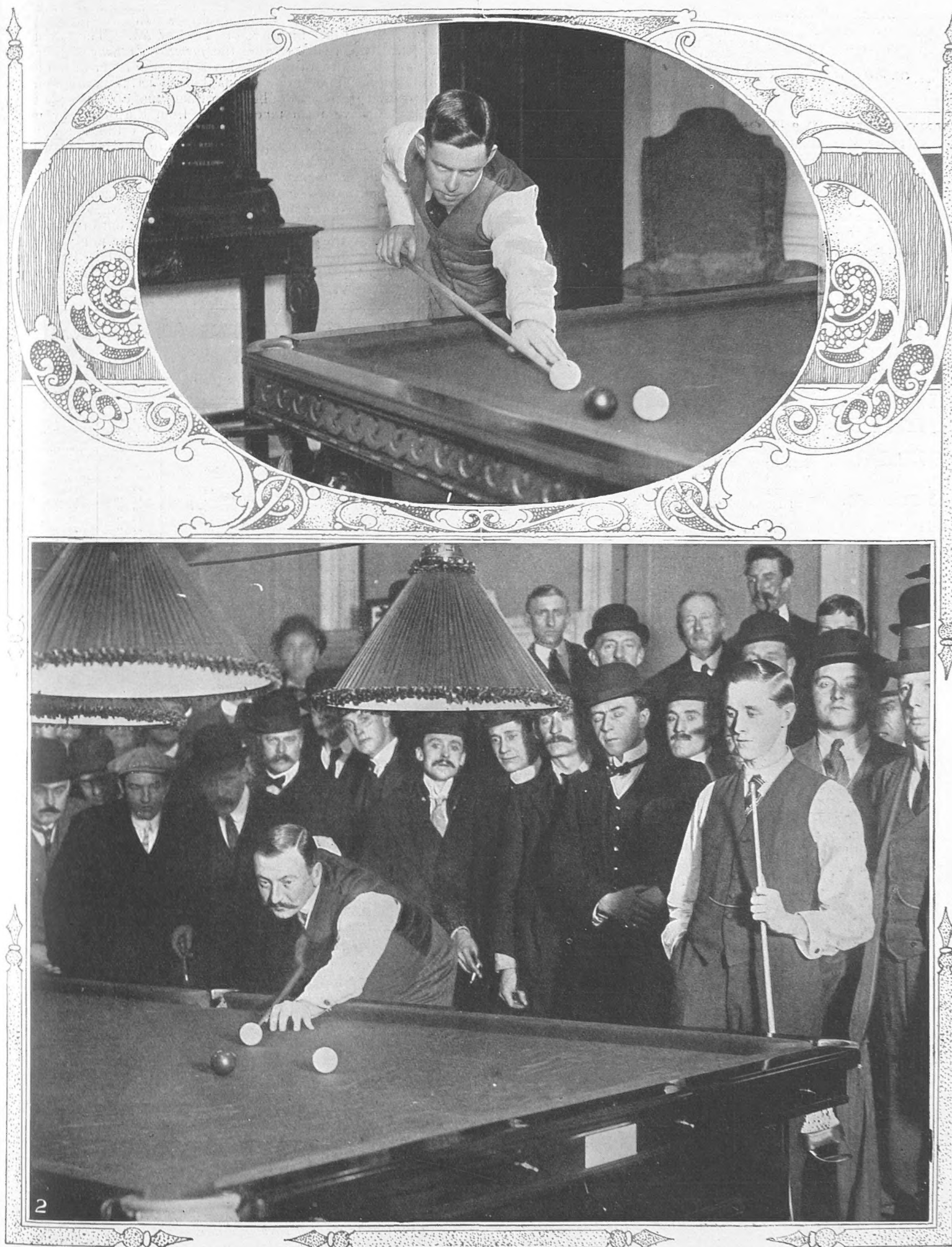


THE SETTING OUT OF THE MAN WHO HAS ATTAINED ABSOLUTE  
KNOWLEDGE: A JAIN'S CHARIOT.

The Jains are a Hindoo religious sect. Jainism was an off-shoot of Buddhism, but differs from it in that it recognises a divine personal ruler of all, and, politically, leans towards Brahminism. There are five stages in the Jain's life; the fourth is when the man has attained absolute knowledge. Then he sets off to tour the world in his chariot, preaching his religion.—[Photograph by B. R. Karshanis.]

## WILL THEY MEET, AND WITH WHAT RESULT?

FRED LINDRUM AND GEORGE GRAY.



1. A MASTER OF THE TOP-POCKET LOSING HAZARD: FRED LINDRUM, OF AUSTRALIA.

2. A MASTER OF THE MIDDLE-POCKET LOSING HAZARD: GEORGE GRAY, OF AUSTRALIA—WITH STEVENSON (PLAYING) DURING THE GREAT MATCH.

The question is being asked: "Could Lindrum, who is both a red-ball specialist and a fine all-round cueman, beat Gray?" Perhaps the point would be better put: "Given equal familiarity with table and balls, would the top-pocket losing hazards of Lindrum prove a surer scoring force in a long match than the middle-pocket losing hazards of Gray?" If opposed to Gray, Lindrum would forsake the all-round game, well as he plays it, and the central feature of interest in the contest would be the extent to which the greater half-ball scoring area available to Lindrum was found to compensate for the shorter travel of the cue-ball in Gray's game. Such a meeting of opposite losing-hazard methods would be a fitting supplement to the Gray-Stevenson contest, with its equally divergent features, and the match would seem to be one that ought to be played.

*Photographs by Sport and General and Illustrations Bureau.*

**GAIETY THEATRE.** Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.  
EVERY EVENING at 8. Mr. George Edwardes' Musical Production, "PEGGY,"  
by George Grossmith jun. Music by Leslie Stuart.  
LAST WEEK. Box-office open daily 10 to 10.

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Sole Lessee and Manager.

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Cecil J. Sharp. 3s.

GREENING.  
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Washington Irving. 1s. net.  
**Old Enough to Know Better.** Wm. Caine.  
6s.

**Rustem, Son of Zal.** G. S. Gardiner. 6s.  
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**The Rules and Principles of Auction  
Bridge.** "Bascule." 3s. net.  
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**With Ski in Norway and Lapland.**  
J. H. W. Fulton. 5s. net.

PARTRIDGE.  
**Out With the Buccaneers.** Tom Bevan.  
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Memorial College, Khartoum.** 21s. net.

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den. 6s.  
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trations by R. Caton Woodville. 3s. 6d.  
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Charles G. L. Clarke. 6s.  
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**The Silver Lady: a Fairy Tale.**  
C. Florence Haire. 2s. 6d.

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NOT many years ago the problem of taking photographs  
direct from the object in colours was considered in-  
soluble. Now it is, like so many "impossibilities" of the  
past, a *fait accompli*, as witness the two charming examples of this  
latest development of photography which we present to our  
readers with this number of *The Sketch*. The photographs  
represent Mlle. Lydia Kyasht, the *première danseuse* of the Empire,  
and Mme. Astaieva, of the Russian Ballet, the latter in the character  
of Cleopatra. They are what is known as natural-colour photo-  
graphs—that is, instead of being ordinary monochrome photographs  
tinted, they have been taken direct from the object by means of  
a specially prepared plate which registers the natural colours  
of that object. The results, we feel sure our readers will agree,  
are altogether charming—equal, in fact, to many painted portraits,  
and more accurate and life-like than some painters could make  
them. What, indeed, is to become of our landscape and portrait  
painters if this new science of colour-photography is going, as  
seems not altogether unlikely, to take the wind out of their sails, or,  
rather, prevent the cash from coming into their pockets? Doubt-  
less, however, there are many sitters who will still prefer to be  
"idealised" a little by the artist's brush, and Mr. Sargent need not  
yet altogether despair of making a living.

## SPEND CHRISTMAS AT ENGLAND'S SUNNY SOUTH.

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		s.	d.		s.	d.		s.	d.	
	BRIGHTON ... ..	14	0		8	3		7	0	
	WORTHING ... ..	14	0		9	3		7	9	
	LITTLEHAMPTON ... ..	15	0		10	6		8	3	
	BOGNOR ... ..	16	6		11	3		8	9	
	HAYLING ISLAND ... ..	17	6		11	6		9	6	
	SOUTHSEA ... ..	19	0		12	0		9	6	
	PORTSMOUTH ... ..	19	0		12	0		9	6	
	ISLE OF WIGHT ... ..	21	6		13	6		11	0	
	SEAFOURD ... ..	14	0		10	0		7	9	
	EASTBOURNE ... ..	14	0		10	6		8	0	
	BEXHILL ... ..	14	0		10	6		8	0	
	HASTINGS ... ..	14	0		10	6		8	0	

Tickets issued on Dec. 22, 23, and 24, available for return on Dec. 24, 25, 26, and 27 only.  
Cheap Day Return Tickets daily to certain Stations.  
For Christmas Holiday arrangements obtain programme, post free, of Supt. of the Line,  
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## TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

**TO ARTISTS.**—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on  
its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.  
Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be  
fully titled.

**TO AUTHORS.**—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to  
three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,  
and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and  
jokes at a fixed rate.

**TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.**—In submitting Photographs, contributors are  
requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published,  
(b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.  
With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published  
photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect.  
The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of  
each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—  
are particularly desired.

**SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.**—The Editor will be glad to consider  
Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary  
rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred  
to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

**GENERAL NOTICES.**—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to  
the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their  
senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,  
destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs  
sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be  
accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the  
Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of  
payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.  
PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



### A Parisian Taxi Strike.

During ten days which I have spent in Paris, a strike of taxi chauffeurs has been in progress, and only a couple of hundred of taxi autos have been plying for hire. Paris has accepted the situation with perfect good-humour, and has gone back fifteen years in the matter of locomotion without a sigh. All the old fiacres are back again on the streets in the old state of disrepair, and, with the old carriages, the old horses and the old cochers have come to light once more. The old unshaven gruff drivers, with black or white glazed hats and a comforter round the neck, are once more on their boxes, with a wisp of straw to keep their feet warm; and they drive in the old way, taking no notice whatever of any pedestrian who may happen to be crossing the road. Some of the old horses that are in the shafts ought to be in a home of rest.

### M. Lépine.

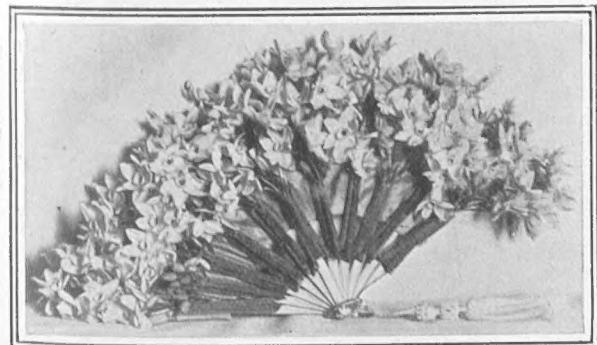
There are notices on the lamp-posts of the refuges in the middle of the Boulevards, "Be kind to your animals," and I saw a policeman interfere when a man was needlessly lashing a cart-horse which could hardly keep its feet on the greasy asphalt; but no one in authority can have kept an eye on the horses considered fit to draw the fiacres when the taxi strike commenced. Perhaps M. Lépine, the Prefect of Police, has been too occupied with his candidature for Parliament to attend to such matters. The Government is said to be seriously perplexed at the intention of the Head of the Police to go into Parliament. He might want to speak during some important debate when his presence was urgently required to calm a disturbance. No one suggests that he should resign his position as Prefect of Police—the fearless little white-haired man is too popular with all classes of Parisians for such a thing to be thought of.

### A Manifestation.

I found myself one morning in the midst of a crowd of manifesting citizens, in whose doings some of M. Lépine's subordinates were taking a good deal of interest. I was taking a walk after my early breakfast, and was in the neighbourhood of the St. Lazare Station, when down the street came a crowd of old men and young men and girls—clerks and work-girls most of them, to judge from their appearance. Some police were shepherding them.

The manifestants were very angry; they were gesticulating freely and abusing the Government, and the police for preventing them from lynching somebody. What it was all about I could not make out, and the police were not in a temper to give me any information.

It was only next day that I read in the papers that an upset coal-truck had blocked all the lines outside the St. Lazare Station, and that all the passengers from the suburbs, an hour late, had to walk the last mile



A FAN OF LIVING FLOWERS: A CHARMING "CREATION" OF NARCISSUS.

over the rough ballast of the line. They and the passengers waiting to go to the suburbs made a whole-hearted attempt to wreck the station-master's office, but a large force of the police prevented them from carrying out their intention.

### The Revues.

The Gare de St. Lazare and the trains of the State Ouest Railway figure largely in all the revues, for the unpunctuality of the State Railways has been for the last two years a standing dish with every revue writer. In one of the revues there is a very pretty bit of scene-painting of the terminus of the Ouest as the author imagines it to be. All the girders are cloaked with Virginian creepers, and up the broken and bent lamp-posts grows a wealth of roses and clematis, while the platforms are hidden by a profusion of wild-flowers. The station-master, when interrogated as to the hour at which a train should start, has to consult a dictionary to find out what the word "train" means. In this same revue there is a very neat little allusion to the recent negotiations over Morocco between France and Germany. A very beautiful lady with a spiked helmet and a dress of the German national colours comes on to the stage looking very discontented. The Commère comments on the sour visage of the newcomer. "Poor darling!" says one of the characters. "Don't you know she went to Agadir for her summer seaside outing?"

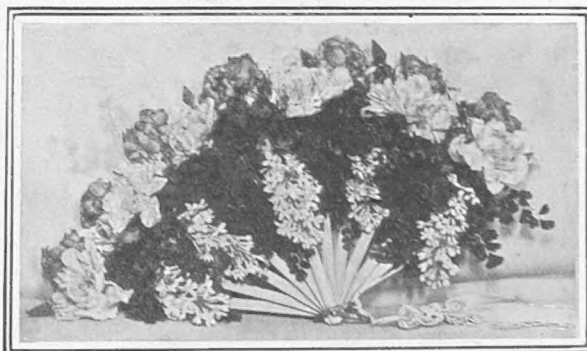
### Dress Clothes at the Paris Theatres.

One little change in Parisian habits I noticed this year, and that is that the better class Parisian men have at last fallen victims to the English custom of wearing dress clothes when taking a lady to the theatre. A Frenchman has always considered that if he puts on a black coat he is suitably dressed to go to any theatre except the opera, and to dine at any restaurant except the Armenonville or the Pré Catalan in the Bois. About six or seven years ago men belonging to Parisian clubs, who had dined at their clubs, came on to the theatre in their dinner-jackets and black ties, but now most French gentlemen, when they take their wives or sisters or cousins to the theatres, put on a swallow-tailed coat and a white tie to do honour to the occasion. Twenty years ago it was easy to pick out the Englishmen amongst the audience of a Parisian theatre because they were the only people in dress clothes; now that method of identification has vanished.

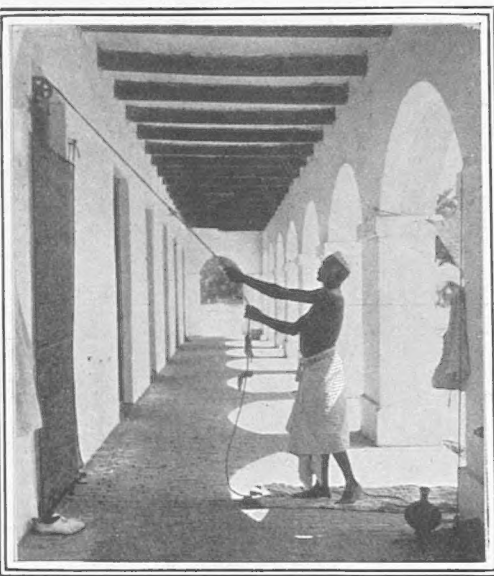
### France's Colonial Possessions.

During a stay in Paris I generally visit the gallery where the French Colonial Office has its museum of products, and where the

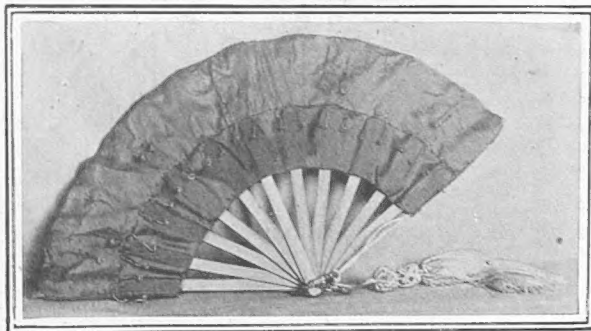
maps of all the French colonies and photographs of colonial scenes are shown, in the windows of what in old days used to be shops. As I stood looking at the great expanse of Eastern and Northern Africa which is now painted in the French colours on the map, a private of infantry and a nurse-girl came and stood by me. The little red-legged Frenchman, seeing that I was an Englishman, became rather aggressively patriotic, and, pointing to the map, asked his girl, "Where are the English now with their India?" If possession of territory meant possession of wealth, the French certainly would come a good second to us nowadays in the matter of colonial possessions.



THE LATEST: A FAN OF REAL VIOLETS, CARNATIONS, AND SYRINGA.



A NECESSITY OF COMFORTABLE LIFE IN INDIA: THE PUNKAH-COOLIE.



FOR LIVING BLOSSOMS: THE MOUNT OF A FAN OF NATURAL FLOWERS.



IN WAX: MR. BONAR LAW,  
AT MME. TUSSAUD'S.

The new Leader of the Opposition is coming out as a wit—as well as in wax at Mme. Tussaud's. Speaking the other night of Mr. Lloyd George and his Insurance Bill, he said: "The road down which he is leading us is paved with the very best intentions, but the beauty of the pavement does not alter the destination."—[Photograph by Record Press.]

borough were lost in an elaborate and sometimes unexpected gathering. Dancing itself was represented by the lovely Karsavina, who led the clapping of Krzeszinska, and drew many eyes.

*The Unknown.* Even in the Carlton Hotel, where they often sup and where they were entertained the other night by the Grand Duke Andrew, the Russian dancers thrill the company. At the Carlton they can do none of the things expected of a ballet; they must sit and cover their legs with clothes and the table-cloth. It is in a ball-room that they become really interesting. This year all the stage has come down on to the ordinary levels of the ordinary floor. Every fancy-dress dance is made exciting by the presence of an ex-Sumurûn, or somebody else with a genius for movement. It is not always easy to detect in the

THE boxes were gloomy, the stalls despondent, when the Covent Garden curtain came down on the Russians for the last time. They had made stalls and boxes both more interesting by their presence. Everybody gathered to see them, and on one of the last nights Mrs. Hall Walker had with her, not one of the customary Countesses, but a tennis champion, Mr. Wilding. Painting had its representatives in Mr. Shannon, A.R.A., and Mr. Ricketts; the Army in Sir Ian Hamilton; and Colonel Jack Leslie and Mrs. West were proxies for Lady Ripon, who cannot, being in mourning, use her own box. The usual detachment of Ambassadors and the Duchess of Marl-

Lord Waterford. To Lady Waterford, occupied in town with the kindly and mild details of a charity sale, the news of Lord Waterford's death came as a shock that will never be forgotten. She was well schooled in the idea of the dangers of the chase: her husband's father injured himself for life while hunting; the third Marquess broke his neck; and she herself had seen her husband escape from the clutches of a lion in East Africa. But such things never yet prepared one human heart for a final catastrophe. Sudden death seems best, until the moment when its suddenness makes it doubly bitter for the bereaved. "If I must die in

a bed, I hope it will be the bed

of a river," was, it is remembered, the light remark of one of the late Marquess's friends, and even his laughing agreement with such a preference does not help to reconcile his friends to his fate.

*Clothes and the Doll.*

The call of Christmas has been heard, and answered, for a month, but the past week has been particularly full of social business invented for the occasion. Princess Louise, with whom was the Duke of Argyll, opened a bazaar at Mr. Francis Ricardo's house in Portman Square for the benefit of a children's hospital; Princess Henry of Battenberg sat through a café-chantant performance at the Savoy for a like purpose; the Duchess of Albany examined with a genial and admiring eye Lady Wernher's dolls, destined for the East End. The array at Bath House was unparalleled. So



TO MARRY MR. DAVID BINGHAM,  
LADY ROSABELLE ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE.

Lady Rosabelle is the only daughter of the Earl of Rosslyn. She was born in 1891. Mr. David Bingham is the second son of Colonel the Hon. Cecil Bingham, second son of the Earl of Lucan, and was born in 1887. He is in the Coldstreams.

Photograph by Topical.



THE SIX-MONTHS-OLD DAUGHTER OF SIR EDWARD AND LADY MOSS: EDWINA MOSS.

Sir (Horace) Edward Moss, Chairman of Moss's Empires, Ltd., was knighted in 1905. In 1877, he married Ellen Alice, daughter of Mr. S. Bramwell, of Guernsey. His first wife died in 1892. In 1902, he married Florence Nellie, daughter of Mr. John Robert Craig, of Peterborough.—[Photograph by Speaight.]

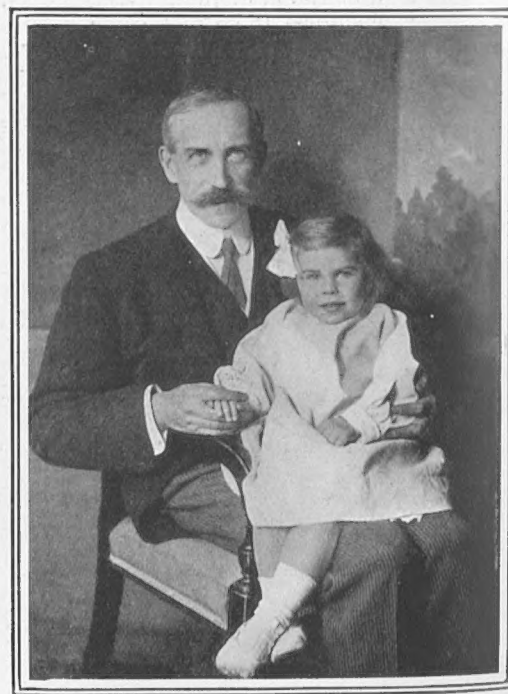
quiet and, as a rule, short young women at a private or semi-private dance the heroines of the Covent Garden spectacle. At a dance, where the fancy dresses made for a certain mystery, or at least uncertainty as to identities, a man went to his partner with the compliment, "You dance like Karsavina." "I can hardly help it," was the only possible answer.

warmly and comfortably clad are the dolls that have passed through Queen Mary's hands, and through those of the ladies who have assisted her, that one might think it was towards wax and sawdust that their charity had been directed. But the wise maidens of Hackney and Mile End are not deceived; they know in their hearts that socks and dresses were all worked for love of them.



WIFE OF THE MAYOR OF THE CITY OF WESTMINSTER:  
MRS. JOHN MARIA GATTI.

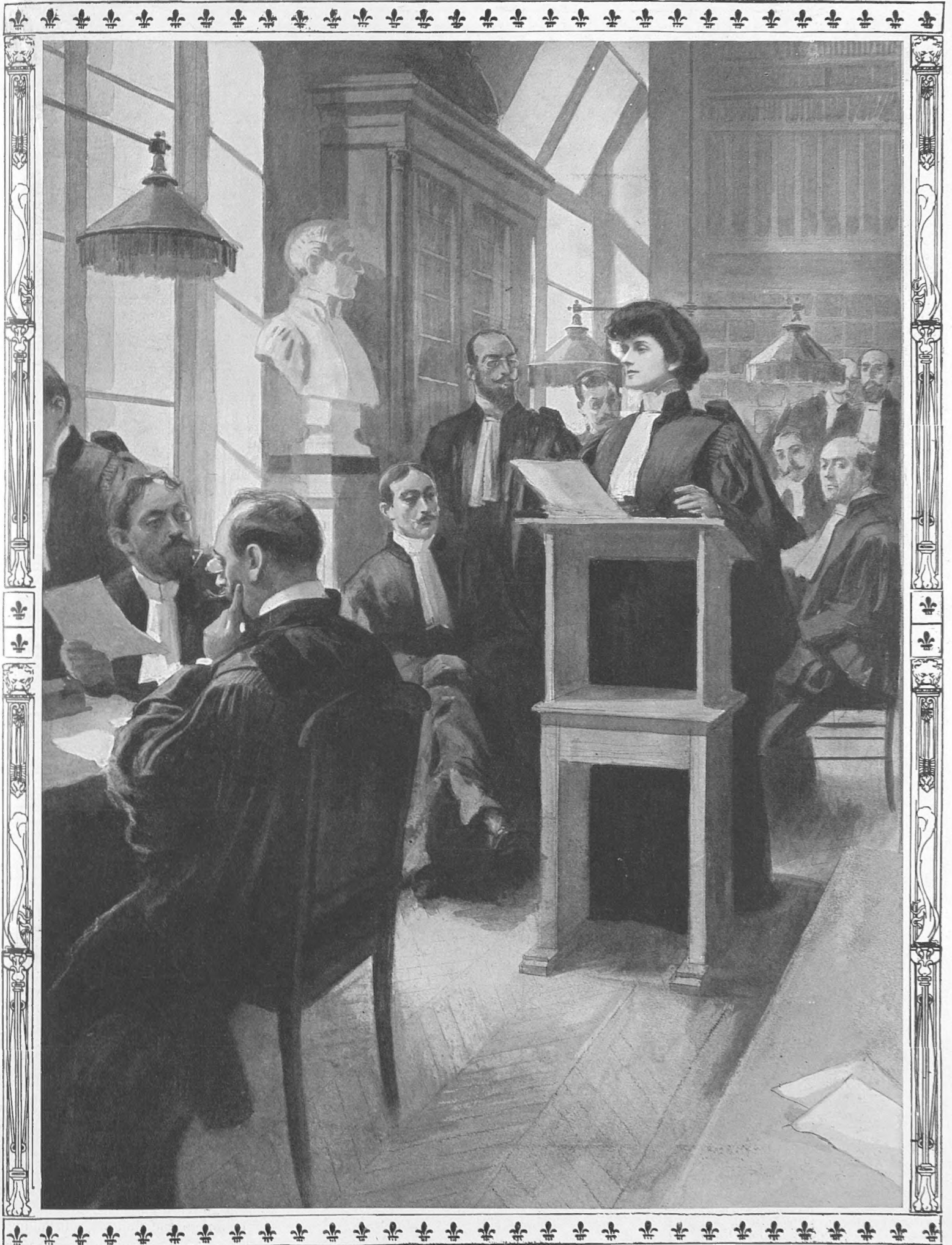
Photograph by Lillie Charles.



PRESIDENT OF THE NEW INDUSTRIAL COUNCIL:  
SIR GEORGE ASKWITH AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER.

Photograph by Thomson.

## YOUNG AND LEARNED: THE SILVER-TONGUED PORTIA FROM PARIS.



A FAMOUS WOMAN BARRISTER WHO HAS BEEN LECTURING IN LONDON AND ENTERTAINED BY ENGLISH JUDGES: Mlle. MIROPOWSKI ADDRESSING ONE OF THE WEEKLY CONFERENCES OF LAWYERS IN PARIS.

Mlle. Miropowski, the famous woman barrister of Paris, who has gained special eminence by pleading in criminal courts, lectured at the Université des Lettres Françaises, Marble Arch House, last week on her experiences at the Bar. She believes that women are of especial use at the Bar in cases affecting children, and would like to see mixed juries, but does not think the time ripe for the appointment of women judges. On the day on which she gave her lecture she was entertained to luncheon at the Royal Courts of Justice by Mr. Justice Darling and other judges. Several distinguished King's Counsel were among the guests. Mlle. Miropowski is here shown addressing those assembled at one of the regular weekly meetings of members of the Paris Bar.



# CUFF COMMENTS

By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

ENGLAND was never so near invasion by Germany as at the present moment. There is a shortage of sauerkraut in the Happy Fatherland, and thousands of hungry Teutons, maddened by want of the national luxury, are said to be organising raids on the cabbage-patches of East Anglia.

Gulls are not to be killed in Northumberland on Sundays, Christmas Day, or Good Friday. But any prejudices they may have in favour of living are not to be allowed to interfere with popular sport on Bank Holidays.

An Austrian fir-tree has been planted at Sandgate to commemorate the Coronation. Is it modesty or merely habit which makes us go abroad for everything and ignore British products? What's the matter with the bonny Scotch fir?



Unrequited lovers, for whom several uncomfortable cures are going about, are recommended to run up and down the Monument in their spare time. The exercise is said to be remarkably good for heart trouble.

"M. G. M. G.—Mrs. Grundy must go!"—is the latest war-cry. Why, bless the dear crusaders, Mrs. Grundy has gone ages ago! The Rev. busybody who goes about like a pig after truffles, is the only one of the family left.



Electrified tobacco is the latest scientific cure for dirty pipes. It is to be hoped that the scientists will draw it mild, and not send us Christmas presents which will electrocute our front teeth.

The Mansion House has to pay a water-rate of £350 a year. No wonder that it is crumbling away, and shedding bitter plaster tears on the heads of the citizens passing by.

## THE NEW EARTH.

(The apes at the "Zoo" are being taught by the keepers to talk, and are getting on capitally. It is quite possible to understand what they say.)

Up at the "Zoo" there are scientists who  
Are teaching the monkeys to speak;  
While men go on strike for as long as they like—  
It may be six months or a week.  
The facts I have stated, if duly collated,  
Will point to the happy conclusion  
We may soon lead a life free from trouble and strife,  
From labour unrest and confusion.

For monkeys can walk, and they shortly will talk;  
So, as soon as they quite understand,  
We must teach them that they must look sharp  
and obey,  
And jump to the word of command.  
For past all denying, it's simple as lying,  
We've nothing to do but to take 'em  
And work 'em as slaves from their birth to  
their graves,  
By guillotine laws which will make 'em.

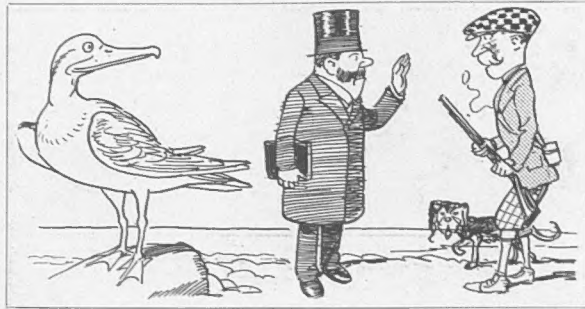


## CHRISTMAS AND THE PROPHETS.

(Professor Lowell telegraphs from Arizona that he has seen the first morning frost on Mars 30 deg. from South Pole.)

Among the interesting "pars"  
That come from Flagstaff, Arizona,  
Is one about the planet Mars,  
In which Doc. Lowell makes it known a  
Slight frost around its Southern Pole  
Was seen by him the other morning.  
I trust that this is not a dole-  
ful specimen of Ingeful warning.

For seers who specialise on woe  
Have filled up all their lucid inter-  
vals with foretelling ice and snow  
And frost and bursting pipes this winter.  
But may the gloomy prophets be  
Confounded by Professor Lowell!  
May Mars get frost and snow, and we  
A bright and not too freezing Noel!



Mr. G. A. Touche, M.P., says that the amount of base coin placed in automatic machines has more than doubled since the present Government came into power. Naturally. It is merely bringing the cry of "Ninepence for fourpence" to its logical conclusion in the smaller affairs of life.



It is gratifying to learn from the Lambeth Police Court that port-wine and cider are not intoxicating liquors, and can be drunk by anyone who is not a bigoted teetotaler. We shall gradually come back to our grandfathers' idea that port-wine is the very best of physic.



And meanwhile a couple of sporting Frenchmen are making wine from bananas. If the wine is anything like the skin, it should be a bit of a tangle-foot.

Railway fares are to be increased from Jan. 1 owing to the higher wages consequent on the recent strike. The good old British public will have to pay for its sympathy.

German officers, on the Kaiser's recommendation, are taking up golf. That Germany should contest our sovereignty of the sea is a matter which the nation can bear with indifference, but if our golfing supremacy is to be threatened the great heart of the country will really be roused.



Mr. Carnegie says that it is far easier to make money than to spend it wisely. Most people, if they could only acquire ease in earning, would willingly forego the building of Public Libraries.

Another outrage! The Smiths, in apologising for defacing the tomb of the poet Gray, publicly split an infinitive.

DANA GIBSON'S ELEVENTH: THE GIRL, AND "OTHER PEOPLE."



DOES SHE MARRY HIM AFTER ALL? "THE LAST CHAPTER, FIRST."



THE GIBSON GIRL DEMURE: "A STUDY" IN BROWN.



DUMMY TO PLAY: AN UNFORTUNATE LEAD BY "THE STUDIO BORE."



UNDERGROUND LONDON (OR IS IT NEW YORK?): "ANOTHER SUBWAY NEARING COMPLETION."



A LONG HESITATION BETWEEN TWO SHORT WORDS: CUPID "WAITING FOR HER ANSWER."



DOLLY PARTING WITH HER DOLLARS: "PAYING BILLS."



A HEART-TO-HEART TALK: "CONFIDENCES."

"Other People" makes the eleventh of the well-known series of volumes of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's drawings which have sprung, fully armed with interest and amusement, from the Bodley Head. Its predecessors were "Drawings," "Pictures of People," "Sketches and Cartoons," "The Education of Mr. Pipp," "Americans," "A Widow and Her Friends," "The Social Ladder," "The Weaker Sex," "Everyday People," and "Our Neighbours." There is also an odd volume—"London; as seen by Charles Dana Gibson."

The work of this popular American artist shows no diminution of vigour and piquancy, and the familiar "Gibson Girl" is as charming as ever.

Reproduced from "Other People," by Charles Dana Gibson, by Courtesy of the Publishers (Mr. John Lane; and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).



By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

## A Question of Conscience.

It was a brave thing for Mme. Lydia Yavorska to revive Maxim Gorki's play, "The Lower Depths." I hope her courage will be well rewarded. The play really raises very nicely the difficult question how far one is entitled to modify a work of remarkable quality, in the absence of the author, with a view of rendering it palatable to a very impatient public. We are very impatient. Indeed, the cynic might declare that it was the very lack of the quality called patience which gave us our great Revolution almost a century and a half before the French had theirs, and has rendered us the freest people in the world. Although, perhaps because I have some foreign blood, the presence of needless matter in "The Lower Depths" did not rob me on the second as well as on the first hearing of great pleasure in the play, I could feel acutely the fact that there are *des longueurs*—a term that I cannot translate exactly—and even superfluous characters.

## "The Lower Depths."

What a wonderful work it is in the translation by Mr. Laurence Irving, which, so far as the un-Russian can guess, is quite a brilliant achievement. One expects, in criticism, the terms "sordid, squalid," etc., but much may be forgiven, because all the ugliness was connected with scenes of curious interest in these creatures of the submerged, and their strange mania for self-examination, and the futile criticism of the world which, if Russian writers are correct, is characteristic of the people of the land where the sables come from—at least many of them. And what a character is old Luka, the most delightful impostor in the world, who goes about causing peace and assuaging sorrow by his quaint philosophy, the foundation of which is the opposite of the Gilbertian "things are seldom what they seem"; for he teaches that everything is what you really believe it to be, that nothing is impossible to those who really try, and that illusion is the highest form of reality. Mr. Holman Clark presented the character charmingly. There were some other admirable performances, such as that of Mr. Herbert Bunston as Satin, a philosopher profoundly impressed by the importance of man—and vodka; Mr. Lewis Willoughby, who represented a drink-sodden actor very cleverly;

Mr. Vincent Clive, excellent in the part of the muddle-headed Baron; and Mr. O. P. Heggie, the thief awakened too late by Luka to thoughts of reform. Madame Lydia Yavorska gave a powerful piece of work as Nastya, a character at which Mr. Redford's predecessor would have kicked; Miss Haidée Wright played beautifully in the part of the dying wife; Miss Clare Greet, as usual, acted cleverly; and Miss Jean Bloomfield, in the character of the one amiable woman in the play, showed considerable ability.



THE AUTHOR OF "THE LOWER DEPTHS": M. MAXIM GORKI.

Maxim Gorki (Aliksei Maximovitch Pleshkov), the famous Russian writer, was born at Nijni Novgorod in 1868. In his earlier days he was in turn a painter of ikons, a peddler of kvass (a drink made out of rye bread), a scullery-boy, a watchman, and a baker's apprentice. His four-act play, "The Lower Depths," is given at the Kingsway in a translation by Mr. Laurence Irving. (Photograph by G.P.U.)

Yet, when this is said, full credit may be given to the producers for sincerity and discretion. The Eastern dresses are very gorgeous, and some well-known players, notably Miss Henrietta Watson, as the Virgin, and Mr. James Hearn, as Simeon, gave very finely impressive performances.

## "The Celibate."

Mr. Raymond Needham's play—or is Raymond a lady's name?—which the Play Actors produced, has a good deal of cleverness and at least one unpardonable fault. One hare is chased in the first act, and another in the second, and at the beginning of the third the playgoer does not know where he is. The ability lies in the picture of the eminent Chancery "silk," Mr. Fabian Langham, K.C., who is perhaps somewhat drier and more non-human than almost any of the present leaders in the six Chancery Courts, but not much;

and, in fact, the character, which was acted with great ability by Mr. Jackson Wilcox, is a very fair skit on the Equity Bar, and when he was on the stage the play was quite funny; but La Belle Pompadour, who occupied most of the second act, is not very lifelike.



"THE LOWER DEPTHS," AT THE KINGSWAY: THE DWELLERS IN THE NIGHT SHELTER THINK OF THE DEPARTED LUKA.

In the background is The Actor (Mr. Lewis Willoughby). In the foreground, from left to right, are Kleshtsh (Mr. C. F. Collings), Satin (Mr. Herbert Bunston), Nastya (Mme. Lydia Yavorska), The Baron (Mr. Vincent Clive), and The Tartar (Mr. Ivan Berlyn).

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



AS BLACK AS HIS NAMESAKE, PHYSICALLY AND MORALLY: A NEW TASMANIAN "DEVIL" AT THE "ZOO."

Five Tasmanian "devils" have lately been sent to the "Zoo" by a lady member of the Society, Mrs. Roberts, of Tasmania. The Tasmanian "devil" is a marsupial, the "black sheep" of the kangaroo family. He is about the size of a badger, with tremendous jaws and teeth. He is ferocious and absolutely untamable, will fight man, dog, or sheep, and bite the hand that feeds him.—[Photograph by W. S. Berridge.]



THE TAMING OF THE ELEPHANT SHREW: ONE OF THE FIRST OF ITS KIND SEEN IN EUROPE.

Amongst the most remarkable animals now at the "Zoo" are three elephant shrews, recently arrived from South Africa, the first of their kind to be imported to Europe. They have an elephant-like trunk on the snout, while their hind legs are extremely long, and suggest those of a kangaroo. The elephant shrew is about the size of a dormouse.—[Photo. by Berridge.]



SHIPS OF THE DESERT AS A ROYAL ESCORT: A CAMEL SQUADRON ACCOMPANYING THE "MEDINA" THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL. Through the Suez Canal the "Medina" had a land escort besides her sea escort of cruisers. The officer accompanied the vessel for fifty-seven miles, changing horses three times and finishing on a camel.

Photograph by Barratt.



A LIVING DOLL TO APPEAR AT THE HIPPODROME: LADY LITTLE, THE SMALLEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD. "Lady Little" is nineteen years old and only twenty-three inches high. At the Hippodrome in Christmas week she is to appear as a doll on a Christmas tree.

Photograph by Shepstone.



THIRTEEN FEET IN DIAMETER WHEN AMERICA WAS DISCOVERED: A SLICE OF THE LARGEST TREE IN THE WORLD.

The tree, which grew in South California, stood over 300 feet high, and measured 90 feet at the base. The section weighs 50 tons, and is 56 feet in circumference. The concentric rings prove that the tree began growing in the year 550.

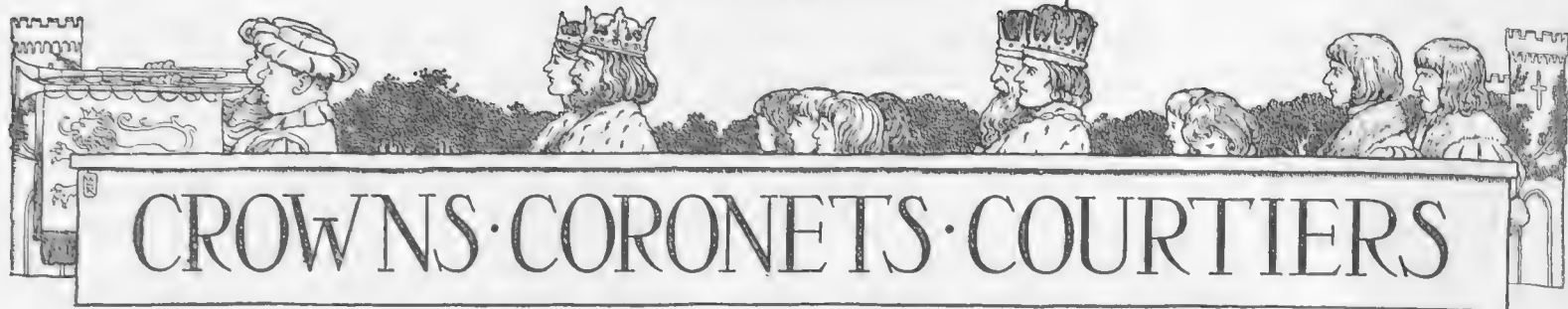
Photograph by Fleet.



NO NEED FOR HAIR-DRILL HERE! A MERINO RAM, SHOWING THE LENGTH OF STAPLE. Think of this next time you go to buy a pair of Merino—socks.



ALL WOOL—AND NO KID! A CHAMPION "GUM SWAMP" MERINO RAM. It is an interesting speculation how many winter vests go to one "gum swamp" Merino ram. Photographs by Sears' Studios, Melbourne.



# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

**K**ING GEORGE has left more than one substantial reminder of his thoughtfulness for his friends in England. He made his Christmas presents, so to speak, before he left for India. To Lord and Lady Rossmore, they having given up their flat in Sloane Square, his Majesty has lent the Stud House, Hampton Court, not long ago occupied by Colonel and Lady Sarah Wilson as the guests of Edward VII. Hampton Court is not banishment from town: Lord and Lady Rossmore, like the King of Portugal at Richmond, will find that they need not think twice of dining in town and taking George Meredith's prescribed hours of sleep in the country. One may keep house farther afield without missing a single course at the Ritz. Lady Cunard, who has lately turned Venetian and realised the ambition of possessing a palace on a canal, has not yet seemed to deny herself to her London friends on that account; and the Duke of Sutherland manages to look after a large slice of

the Morris dance drew an eager little crowd. Lady Gomme was there to remind him, in a brief speech, of singing games, of which she is the champion player as well as the devoted propagator. While Mr. Sharp spoke of capers and leaps and jingling bells, it was impossible not to wonder what steps his sister, Miss Evelyn Sharp, might venture to practise as a Suffragist in her prison cell. Mr. Sharp made no mention of a lock-step.



TO MARRY MISS DAISIE DE POMEROY ON THE 14TH: MAJOR LIONEL EDWARD KENNARD.

Major Kennard, late of the 15th (the King's) Hussars, is the eldest son of the late E. Kennard, of The Barn, Market Harborough. The wedding is fixed to take place at St. George's, Hanover Square.

*Photograph by Thomson.*

## Orator Violet.

Miss Violet Asquith is famous in Hammersmith and Kingsway. She is filling for the P.M. the place that Prince Arthur of Connaught has filled for the King, and declares an institution open with all the gusto that an old hand can never simulate in the performance of a somewhat melancholy business. Her family has long put by the demon of unemployment. With Raymond among the coming K.C.s, with



TO MARRY MAJOR LIONEL EDWARD KENNARD ON THE 14TH: MISS DAISIE DE POMEROY.

Miss de Pomeroy is the adopted daughter of the late Francis Tongue Rufford, and of Mrs. Rufford, of 71, Upper Berkeley Street, and Cornwall Lodge, Kingston Hill.

*Photograph by Thomson.*

Arthur as the architect of a fortune in the Argentine, with Herbert busy at the Bar, with Cyril already famous among the young men of Oxford, and with Violet



THE DEFIANT, THEN APOLOGETIC, AUNT: THE INFANTA EULALIA, WITH HER YOUNGER SON, THE INFANTE LOUIS FERNANDO.

The Infanta Eulalia, aunt of the King of Spain, has published a book, "Au Fil de la Vie." King Alfonso had forbidden this until he could read the work and approve it, but was defied by the Infanta. She has since apologised. *—[Photograph by E.N.A.]*

*Lord Loch* The King's new Lord-in-Waiting is thirty-eight, and

speaking like a Prime Minister, the Asquiths are well engaged. The re-leasing of

his D.S.O., along with memories of two campaigns, and scars to match. His marriage, six years ago, to Lady Margaret Compton, only daughter of the Marquess of Northampton, was attended by several royalties, and his appointment, considering that his political views are conveniently Liberal, was only a matter of time. The duties of a Lord-in-Waiting do not often find expression in definite actions and responsibilities, but if there is a key to be secured at Court it goes without saying into whose keeping his Majesty would be likely to put it.



MR. CECIL RICHTER, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS CECILE IRENE HODGSON, WAS FIXED FOR THE 9TH.

Mr. Richter, of Georgetown, Demerara, is the second son of the late Gustave Richter. *—[Photograph by Swaine.]*

his private house shows, too, that Mr. Asquith himself has no intention of relinquishing Downing Street and its labours.

## A Silesian Shooting.

This is not one of the moments at which Lord Granville can grumble over the fate of a First Secretary. Sometimes a diplomatist may sigh for Pont Street and the particular brand of cigar and civilisation that he finds round the corners of Mayfair. But Lord Granville is fortunate. His last home letters have been dated not from his desk in Berlin, but from Schloss Oels, the imperial hunting-box in Silesia. There, in forests of Christmas trees, he has been hunting with a Court party. For his host's sportsmanship he has the greatest esteem.



MISS CECILE IRENE HODGSON, WHOSE WEDDING TO MR. CECIL RICHTER WAS FIXED FOR THE 9TH.

Miss Hodgson is the only child of Sir Frederic Mitchell Hodgson, Governor of British Guiana.

*Photograph by Kate Pragnell.*



MISS ELEANOR CHRISTINA DOVE, WHOSE WEDDING TO LIEUTENANT AIDAN BELL WAS FIXED FOR THE 12TH.

Miss Dove is the daughter of Mr. Edward J. Dove, J.P., of Causey House, Gosforth, and Belsbill Hall, Belford, Northumberland. Lieut. Bell is in the Royal Marine Light Infantry.

*Photograph by Swaine.*

this island, with a chunk of Canada, and to enjoy Italy and Stafford House whenever he is expected to do so. Pallanza has him at the moment, or had him but the other minute.



MISS WINIFRED MORANT, WHOSE WEDDING TO MR. JOHN MELLOR WAS FIXED FOR THE 9TH.

Miss Morant is the daughter of the late Lieut.-General Horatio Morant, and of Mrs. Morant, of Harrow Lodge, Christchurch. Mr. Mellor is the son of Sir James Mellor. *—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]*

Margaret Compton, only daughter of the Marquess of Northampton, was attended by several royalties, and his appointment, considering that his political views are conveniently Liberal, was only a matter of time. The duties of a Lord-in-Waiting do not often find expression in definite actions and responsibilities, but if there is a key to be secured at Court it goes without saying into whose keeping his Majesty would be likely to put it.

*The Universal Dance.* Mr. Cecil Sharp goes his rural gait without a thought for the fantastic steps favoured by the dancers at Arabian balls. His lecture the other day on

According to the Press Photographer. IV.—Sport.



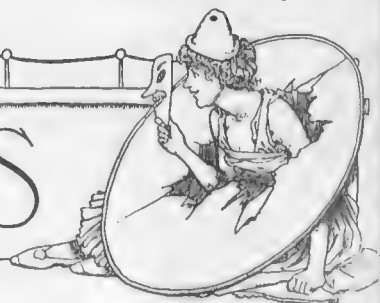
1. "BROWN SAVING BRILLIANTLY FOR THE ROVERS."  
2. "A FALL AT HURST PARK."  
3. "CLEAN BOWLED."

4. "A CULLUD 'SPORT' AND HIS WHITE WIFE."  
5. "FINISHING A DRIVE."  
6. "MISS B. LANK, WHO FLEW IN A CIRCLE FROM HENDON TO HENDON THE OTHER DAY."

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



# STAR TURNS



## THE SISTERS WIESENTHAL.

IT was only in the last number of *The Sketch* that an article appeared on the revolutionary ideas of M. Fokine, of the Russian Ballet. In a different way, some such spirit seems to have animated the Sisters Wiesenenthal. Originally three in number when they first appeared at the London Hippodrome, one has now seceded; but Mesdames Elsa and Bertha Wiesenenthal have returned to that popular house of entertainment with new dances inspired by the old ideals of grace and the well-remembered charm of beauty.

From the time they were quite little children, the Sisters Wiesenenthal always wanted to dance. So persistent was their demand to be taught dancing that their parents entered them in the Ballet School at Vienna, in which city they lived. But they did not remain

urgent desire to act once in a drama is to be traced. That, however, would be only for a short time, for she is too fond of dancing ever to give it up. Now the sisters are evolving new ideals of dancing, the development of which, as Madame Elsa Wiesenenthal recently put it, "will rest quite on the technical expression of bodily movement." Although their art seems so spontaneous and simple, the Sisters Wiesenenthal believe that no dancer, however highly endowed she may be, can ignore technique, although being limited to one particular style of dancing will hamper the talent of a really gifted dancer. For the purpose of dancing the Sisters Wiesenenthal like all music which is good and rhythmical. All the same, they have progressed along a certain line of elimination in the selection of their music. In their early days they used to dance a great deal to music which was written for the piano. Now they have discarded this music and never dance to it. It is for this reason that none of the piano music of Chopin, to which they used to dance, appears in their programme, which is largely made up of the music of Joseph Strauss, Schubert, Schrecker and Offenbach. At present their desire is to dance to English music, which they find particularly inspiring, and they have the warmest admiration for the music of "The Quaker Girl" for this purpose.

Although in London they dance at the Hippodrome, the Wiesenenthal Sisters rarely or never appear in the variety theatres on the Continent. On the contrary, they dance in the leading playhouses and Court theatres in Germany and Austria, and in Paris they appeared at the Vaudeville Theatre. This fact is interesting as showing the esteem in which the London variety theatres are held by foreign artists. One of the most curious effects of their performance is the influence it wields over the people employed on the stage. These men, who would in the ordinary way be thought to be surfeited by the performances they see, are often moved to try and dance like the Wiesenenthals. One night, in Berlin, the curtain



FRAÜLEIN ELSA WIESENTHAL.

in the Ballet very long, for they were quite out of sympathy with that method of dancing, and wanted to give expression to their own individuality.

With this idea in view, they began making up their own dances, and after about a year of preparation they engaged the little Fledermaus Theatre, for a long series of afternoon performances, in order to show exactly what they could do, and to see how far their new ideas would find favour. At the first few performances artists of various kinds formed a large proportion of their audiences. The Press at once acclaimed them, and in a very short time Vienna was talking of their rare charm and spontaneity, their sheer grace, their apparent aimlessness, which is controlled by a very definite aim, and their extreme simplicity, which is informed by a very definite idea of their method. The *joie de vivre* which they had felt as children they expressed as grown-up dancers with a very real inspiration and a communicating feeling to the spectator, which is undoubtedly one of the greatest gifts of interpretative artists.

The afternoon performances at the Fledermaus developed into so great a success that Max Reinhardt, the director of the Kammer-spiele des Deutscher Theater, heard of them, and invited them to appear with him. While they were with him they appeared in "Sumurun," at its first performances—at first Mme. Grete and then Mme. Bertha Wiesenenthal taking the name-part—while Mme. Elsa Wiesenenthal was a friend of Sumurun, a very long and important character as it was originally done, but subsequently divided into two when the piece was produced in London.

While they were with Reinhardt, that great director, who is apparently to dominate the theatrical world of London during the next few weeks, so far as great productions go, produced "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in the park attached to the country-house of a famous German architect, who lived near Munich. In this Mme. Elsa Wiesenenthal appeared as a fairy. In addition to dancing she had some lines to speak—a fact to which her now



"THE QUIET AND REPOSEFUL": FRAÜLEIN ELSA WIESENTHAL.

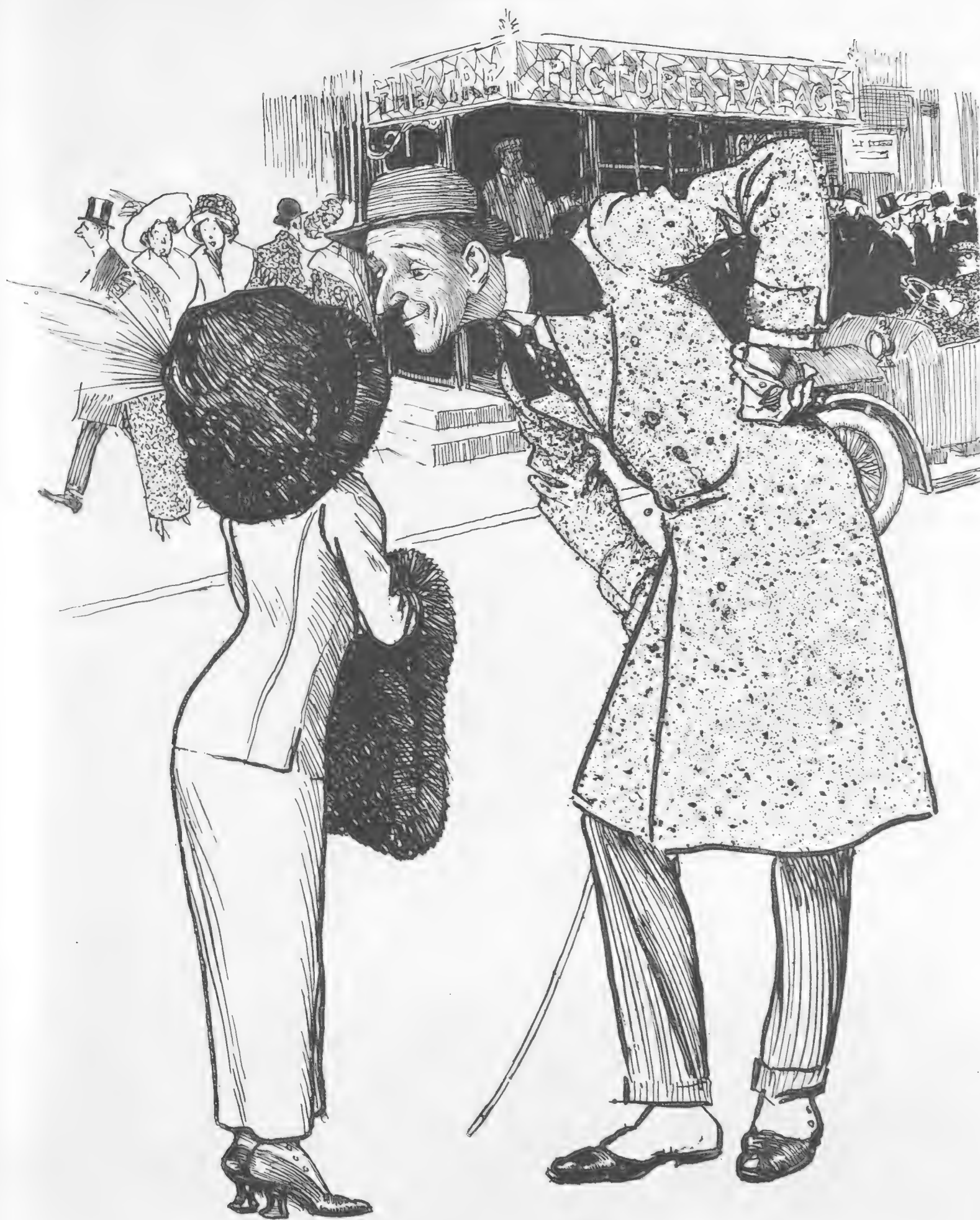
The official description of the Sisters Wiesenenthal reads: "No one could dance as the Sisters Wiesenenthal do, and be deficient in fine spiritual organisation. Those two women's dancing betokens a noble harmony of the soul that expresses itself in harmonious movements of the body. All that explains the scope of their art, but not the marvels of that art itself—for that remains hidden in the dancers' souls. Yet it is divided, as between sisters. Elsa, the quiet and reposeful, breathes tender, restful, womanly grace in every movement. Bertha is more girlish—nay, child-like; she is brimming over with youthful spirits. Her dancing is not quite so mature and certain as her sister's. They both owe something to the other—that is why they make so charming a pair; the art of one is a complement to that of the other. But this they have in common, they are both so light in their movements that they seem a very part of the atmosphere that surrounds them, and hardly heavier than the air itself."—[Photographs by Eyfurther.]

unexpectedly went up, and the audiences shrieked with delight at the sight of all the stage carpenters in their shirt-sleeves dancing about with the greatest abandon and apparent delight. Stars though they are, the sisters are quite democratic in their relation to the stage. This fact was amusingly shown one night when, having thrown a lot of flowers about in the course of a dance, they got a couple of brooms and began sweeping the stage for fun. The stage-manager thought that they were ready for the next dance, and rang up the curtain while they were still sweeping. Again the audience rocked with laughter. This attitude of theirs is further shown in the fact that they design (together with artists) their own dresses as well as the *décor* of the stage, which gives such an individual touch and artistic completeness to their performance.



FRAÜLEIN ELSA WIESENTHAL.

RESTING.



Frank  
Reynolds

THE ACTRESS: Why don't you go in for this cinematograph acting?

THE ACTOR: My dear girl—I would, like a bird, but I could never flicker about quick enough.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

# THE "PUGS" OF THE BIRD-WORLD: A "PRIZE-FIGHT" BETWEEN



1. FIGHTING-BIRDS IN SACKS; TAKING COCKS TO THE "GALLINODROME."
2. THE RIVALS; INTRODUCING COCKS TO ONE ANOTHER BEFORE A FIGHT.
3. BEFORE THE CONTEST; PREPARING A FIGHTING-COCK FOR BATTLE.

4. IN THE "GALLINODROME"; EXAMINING THE BIRDS BEFORE A FIGHT.
5. ON GUARD; THE BEGINNING OF A DUEL.
6. TOUCHÉ; IN THE MIDST OF THE FIGHT.
7. IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE; AFTER A STRONG ATTACK.

In an issue of four years ago we published, with a photograph of a cock-fight at Béchune, the statement that there were persistent rumours that cock-fighting was to become once more general in France, that various attempts were being made to popularise it there and to encourage interest in it in aristocratic sporting circles. Two years later, with other photographs, we said "cock-fights are becoming very popular in France." It is evident that this popularity is being maintained, as the photographs here given bear witness. Before

# FIGHTING - COCKS, IN A "GALLINODROME" IN FRANCE.



THE FURY OF THE FIGHT; ONE OF THE COCKS VANQUISHED.  
BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF THE FIGHT, DISPLAYING THE NAMES OF THE COCKS.  
GALLIC WARFARE; ONE OF THE FIGHTING COCKS ATTACKS HIS RIVAL'S  
HEAD.

11. A WHIRL OF FEATHERS: THE COCKS FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES.  
12. COCORICO! THE WINNING COCK CROWING HIS VICTORY.  
13. READY FOR THE FIGHT; A COCK UNDERGOING FINAL EXAMINATION  
BEFORE A CONTEST.

contest, the cocks are as nervous as racehorses, and their keenness to begin work is made manifest the moment they are placed in the pit, in which they fight with beak and as desperately as did the old time "pugs" with their bare fists. In the British Isles cock-fighting is not entirely illegal, but the keeping of a public cock-pit is forbidden under penalty of £5, and anyone taking part in a cock-fight after one or both birds are disabled is liable to conviction for cruelty to animals.—[Photographs by J. Reyer.]



## THE WHITE KING OF THE KIKUYU.\*

John Boyes Behaves  
as Heroes Should.

As all heroes of adventure should, John Boyes ran away to sea and began the life maritime and arduous as cabin-boy aboard a trawler. Tiring of this, a lad of fifteen, he tramped from Hull to Liverpool, found he could not enlist in the Navy without his parents' consent, and took a berth on a tug, went on it to Rotterdam and back, then shipped on a barque trading to South America. Other work afloat followed, and in the course of it, touching the West Coast of



KING OF THE WA-KIKUYU FOR A WHILE:  
JOHN BOYES.

Reproduced from his book by courtesy of Messrs. Methuen.

the troops in Uganda," he writes, "on account of which the whole country was in disorder, and a lot of transport was required in the disaffected district. . . . At that time everything had to be carried upon the heads of native porters, so that each load, averaging about sixty pounds in weight, was costing from sixty to one hundred rupees . . . before it reached its destination." This, he thought, could be remedied, and, in partnership with another, he began a transport system by donkey and cart. That was in 1898. The enterprise was no astounding success, but it led John Boyes into the practically unknown country of the Kikuyu. That was not the most eventful of his journeys. It was on another that he laid the sure foundations of his sovereign power. He writes: "On the third day we"—he had two Masai boys with him—"arrived in sight of the first native village. . . . We soon heard the native war-cry being taken up from hill to hill round about, and could catch occasional glimpses of the natives themselves. . . . They were certainly a wild-looking lot, with their bodies smeared all over with grease and clay—or, in some cases, a kind of whitewash. . . . In a short time quite five hundred warriors, fully armed, were drawn up outside the village. . . . Never having seen a white man before, they regarded me with something like awe."

Poison-Swallowing  
as an Aid to  
Kingship.

This "something like awe" was to change into genuine fear—by respect. Bluff and courage carried John Boyes through his interview with the chief. He explained that he came in peace and to trade, and, after a present of cloth, was allowed men to build him a hut. His rifle was an object of much curiosity, and gave him his first real power. Through his interpreter, he explained that the gun would kill six men with one shot; and to prove his words he fired at a tree he knew the bullet would pass through. The natives were much impressed—and the occasion was improved. "I assured them," he says, "that that was nothing; if they would examine the side of the mountain beyond they would find that the bullet had gone right through that as well!" Early the next morning he was able to use the rifle

Africa, he vowed that one day he would march into the interior of the Dark Continent. Fate and his own restless energy ordained that he should land at Durban just after the Jameson Raid. Working his way to Bulawayo, he took service in the Matabeleland Mounted Police, next in the Africander Corps. After that, he became one of the guards of a number of murderers awaiting sentence in Bulawayo Gaol. Trading was his next love, and this was to lead him to virtual kingship.

The Dangerous  
Road to  
Sovereignty.

It came about in this way, via Durban, the stage, Zanzibar, and Mombasa, the starting-point of the Uganda Railway. "A mutiny had recently broken out among

to aid his new friends. A neighbouring clan came yelling to the attack, and were driven off. Thus his dominance began. It was strengthened by many acts, as ingenious as they were plucky. And the task was one calling for the greatest circumspection: do not the Kikuyu wear the sword on the right side, as that position makes it easier treacherously to attack an enemy while approaching apparently with the friendly object of shaking hands? Threats from hostile tribes outside did not deter him. He defied them, and, if necessary, fought them. He became a great Medicine Man, too, with the aid of iodoform, and especially with that of a bottle of Eno's Fruit Salt. The natives crowded round to watch him drink this, "saying the white man could drink boiling water; and they believed that I must have a stomach like iron, and, being utterly ignorant, my friends were firmly convinced that it was impossible to kill me." This he fostered in most remarkable manner, by defying the witch-doctors to poison him, "and swallowing, in their presence, samples of what they considered their most deadly poisons without any ill-effects." Of this, he writes: "With regard to my singular immunity from the effects of the poisons of the native witch-doctors, it is, perhaps, difficult to find a satisfactory explanation. Whenever I met a witch-doctor I always insisted on sampling any poisons he might have with him. . . . But, in spite of the opportunities thus offered to get rid of the one man in the country whom they both hated and feared, I never felt the slightest ill-effects. . . . Several theories occur to my mind to account for my immunity. One is, that the concoctions. . . . were not poisons at all. I think it quite likely that they never carried their real poisons on them, but prepared them, in the secrecy of their own huts, for each individual. . . . Another is that the Kikuyu had no poisons at all . . . with the native the ingrained superstitious fear of the medicine man is generally quite sufficient to cause death under the influence of his curse." Further, he states his belief that the poison the Kikuyu put on their arrows is innocuous if merely swallowed. It needs to be inoculated in the blood to be effective.

"Good  
Medicine!"

Who can wonder that with such daring, with the courage that enabled him to dash alone into the midst of five hundred fighting men, knobkerrie their chief, and so cause them all to throw down their weapons, he became practically the King of the country? Was he not aided also by a musical clock believed to be a rain-bringer; by a scrap of paper with verses by himself upon it, given to a chief and found a "good medicine"; by saving many during a visitation of small-pox by vaccinating; by focussing the heat of the sun with a lens from his field-glasses? Again, who can wonder that he was in complete control? Never was there such a book for the adventure-lovers of all ages! Let them run to the booksellers, buy, and read!



OF JOHN BOYES' "KINGDOM": WA-KIKUYU  
MAIDENS.

Reproduced from "John Boyes, King of the Wa-Kikuyu," by courtesy of Messrs. Methuen.

\* "John Boyes, King of the Wa-Kikuyu. A True Story of Travel and Adventure in Africa." Written by Himself. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

FORE !



HARD LUCK!

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.



THE BOY: Please, Mister, will you change this stamp? The 'ole family an' the servant's 'ad a lick, an' we can't make it stick.

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.



HIS MISTRESS: Now, Pongo dear, it's a nasty, foggy morning, so I do hope you'll remember to breathe through your nose.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEHTE.



THE LADY: How much milk does the old cow give a day, Tom?  
TOM: About eight quarts, Ma'am.  
THE LADY: And how much of that do you sell?  
TOM: About twelve quarts, Ma'am.

DRAWN BY JACK WALKER.



## THE AFTER MAGAZINE.

By HAROLD BLIND.

ROSIE had written to her old boy-and-girl-together sweetheart Jim and told him about Charlie's desertion and breach of faith. The wiry sergeant of marines had sworn loudly and drunk deep of brown Burton ale and had come to see her at the first opportunity. He said:

"Well, my dear, *now* will you marry me? Rosie, say you will! Darling, say you'll let me look after you! I've loved you boy and man, and I can keep you decently! We'll cry quits over the past, old girl!"

Rosie thought him the best and noblest hero in the world.

But she hid her face on his scarlet shoulder, and said through her tears:

"Oh, Jim! . . . Would you marry me . . . now . . . after I've treated you so bad?"

The man looked very grave in the pause that followed. Then he said, in a low voice:

"Would I marry you now? . . . Yes, by God, I would . . . and I will! For I've loved you true since I was a little nipper. I will! But the Lord help that dog if I meets 'im!"

Now it happened that Jim Miller, the marine, and Charles Adams, petty-officer, were both drafted into the new battleship *Decurion* when she was commissioned at Portsmouth. Chance had thrown them together, but they did not speak to each other, and whenever Jim Miller saw Adams he felt an uncontrollable loathing and hot hate rise within him. His hatred grew as the weeks went by till it became almost a madness. He could scarcely bring himself to eat from dishes that Adams had passed or touched. Only the discipline of the Service kept him from open hostility and a bitter fight. He applied for an exchange.

But one day England woke to see the storm hanging black above her—to see the lightning leap between the sombre battlements, to hear the growling of the thunder, and to feel the hot wind beaten by the pinions of the Eagles as the Lion crouched ready, lifting his head and snarling at their attack.

The two Englishmen, hating one another deeply, went to sea to fight shoulder to shoulder for their homes. Their enmity was mutual, for Jim had told Adams what he thought of him when they first met on board.

But in the face of expected events they seemed to have buried their quarrel.

The great wings of the wind of the Autumn equinox were piling up the seas on the coasts of the Channel and the West. Wailing through the stunted trees standing hunchbacked to the rush of air and beat of rain, the gales sped inland till they moaned through stately beech woods or roared in the oaks and elms. They wrested away showers of ruddy leaves which settled on the wet, bleak soil. They carried a breath of the sea even into the siums of the great cities—and men's hearts were dimly stirred as by memories of heroic dreams.

The keeper of the Start Light spied a smudge of black smoke, sweeping with the grey mists of driving rain and spray, on the horizon. The seas leaped and shouted like young tritons at play in the cruel tide-race that runs on the ebb round the headland, causing stupendous waves over the rocks.

It was many nights now since the great lantern had been lighted. All the coasts of England were plunged in darkness, and such ships as kept the sea groped like blind men along familiar highways.

For days nothing had passed save the small cruisers and destroyers which patrolled between Plymouth and Portsmouth. No great liners, no rich merchantmen, no rusty, storm-worn tramps. The lighthouse-keepers had not even seen the battle fleets on which Britain waited, breathless, for her salvation.

But this morning the little *Gannet* rolled by close in, buried

in masses of creaming foam. She had turned her low bows to the open offing—to the horizon where the smoke had grown from a single plume to a wind-rent cloud that poured for miles, like the wanton hair of a sea goddess.

The thunder of the tide-race and the mighty voice of the south-wester beat down every sound by land or sea.

Macgrath turned to his assistant:

"There'll be a great fight, my lad! Pray God help our men to-day!"

The old man led the way up into the lantern gallery. They clung to the iron railings against the force of the wind.

"Do you hear anything?" bawled he, listening with practised ear.

"No, can't say I do," roared the youngster.

"There it is again! Do you hear it now?"

"Yes, it's guns!" answered the other. "It's guns!"

Hour after hour the mumbling boom that was neither race nor storm-wind went on.

Down in the heart of the *Decurion* nothing was known save that she was steaming full speed into a fleet action. The great ship swayed and heaved gently through rollers that the small fry had to climb painfully.

In the controls men sat expectant before countless dials, buttons, levers and indicators—a bewildering complexity of delicate electrical instruments, the nerve ganglions of the monster battleship. In barbette and casemate the gun-crews waited, peering over the squall-swept waste of waters white with sheets of seething foam. In the stokeholds the stokers worked like demons in the blasts of the forced draught. The stripped ships looked lean.

At noon the leading super-Dreadnought opened fire with her forward 13-inch battery, and the sullen thuds echoed down the lines. Something like a stir of relief ran through the ship's companies.

But in the after-magazine of the *Decurion* they did not hear the battle open. Miller and Adams, superintending the hoisting of ammunition, got news of it by telephone.

Although their duty compelled them to work together, they had only spoken necessary words. Isolated from the rest of the vessel the little band of men waited, in silence, as the stately ship neared the foe and brought her guns to bear.

They heard the reverberations now, and suddenly the *Decurion* seemed to have run into a tropic thunderstorm. She quivered to the shock of her own guns and trembled to the concussion of the enemy's shells.

Time passed, and once, as she manœuvred, she rolled badly. Miller and Adams looked at each other. Faster and faster the gigantic ammunition sped up to the batteries. The electric lights burned with steady brilliance. The two men now seemed on good terms and yelled cheerily to each other as they helped with the heavy loads. Bells whirled and were answered. The engines changed their throbbing rhythm, and still the awful thunder grew fiercer while she shook as though a giant were pounding at her steel armour with some Titanic hammer.

An acrid smell of burning—of heated oil and steam—crept presently into the magazine. The sweating tars and jollies worked stripped to their waists, pouring up a stream of cartridge and projectile to the insatiable guns above. The ventilating fans stopped and it grew hotter still. Once the lights dipped, but in a moment shone clear and steady again.

Men were overcome, and fainted. They rolled against the steel bulkhead with the heave of the ship. Presently it seemed as if the *Decurion* were being wrenched to pieces. They worked mechanically—their eyes set in dark rings and their faces drawn.

The hours crept on, and the air was suffocating. Steam escaping

[Continued overleaf.]

## HEARSE — AND TERSE.



THE REJECTED CABMAN: The 'orse's too old-fashioned for yer, I s'pose! I sh'd 'a thought as 'ow at *your* time o' life you'd 'a bin only too glad o' the chance o' practice—yer won't get no taxis in a 'earse, yer know.



THE MOTHER (to rubleund and theorlsing stranger): Oh, it ain't the way to 'old the child, ain't it? I s'pose, 'cause you was nursed upside down, yer think yer know all about it!

from somewhere hid them in white wraiths. The stench of burning grew stronger.

Suddenly Jim Miller noticed that he was ankle deep in water.

"She's sinking!" he shouted to Adams, his voice hoarse and cracked. The other licked his dry lips and nodded. The tumult without had become one vast, hysteric detonation.

"She's sinking!"

The words passed from mouth to mouth, as inch by inch the water rose, swilling to and fro across the submerged-flat till the men at the hoist were up to their knees, when she rolled heavily. It was iridescent with a floating scum of grease.

A telephone shrilled, and Jim answered it.

"After-magazine! Got much water?" came the voice.

"About a foot, Sir."

"All right. Carry on."

The *Decurion* was lifting sluggishly, and was down by the stern.

Gradually the firing ceased, and, down below, where these men were bottled up, it grew very quiet. At lengthening intervals explosions shook her as the enemy's marksmen got home. She had fallen out of the battle line, crippled. But the engines still beat on.

"Where's all this water coming from, Miller?" asked Adams.

"She's hit badly aft, and the compartment's full," Jim answered.

As he spoke the lights went out, and only the battle-lanterns cast a dim glow through the clouds of steam. The water had risen to the thigh—oily, black. Quite irrelevantly the lamps reminded Jim of London streets in a fog. Only the slop-slop and gurgle broke the silence. The men, standing idle, half nude, grimed, stared at their sergeant and P.O. Suddenly a corporal said slowly—

"I saw somewhere that a blooming marine said—'Boys, if we haven't bally well lived like gentlemen—we can die like 'em!' Not so rotten dusty, eh?"

"Garn, you always was a perishing poik, Jones. I'd give my blessed soul for a quart of mild, now," said a seaman. Charlie Adams turned to Jim—

"Miller, I've been a brute. Let me speak. I want to tell you, afore 'em all here, that I behaved like a beast to—"

"Not the name, Adams; not the name! I know what you're going to say. But nothing matters now—she's sinking. But—but, Charlie Adams, I loved her true."

All anger had been strained from their hearts. Adams went on slowly—

"I want you to believe me. I swear that I never did her—that I never meant no 'arm. . . ."

"Oh, all right, matey. I believes you. It don't matter much now, anyway."

"I've left you and her all I've got, Miller," said Adams. Then a speaking-tube whistled, and all eyes followed him as he answered it. He turned to the men.

"They're going to run 'er ashore in Start Bay . . . if she'll float so far. If she don't, you'll all have a nice swim and wash your dirty mugs. Out yer get! Up yer go! Lively now!"

"Hooray! Thoughtful of 'im to give us the crimson chance. . . . Hop it, lads!" cried the corporal.

Splashing waist-high, they took the lanterns from the hooks and climbed up the crazy steel ladders and made their way through the narrow danger-passages, up through the shattered viscera of the groaning hull.

In the danger-passage running round the ammunition-chamber beneath the barrette, the concussion of a great explosion threw Jim and Adams off their feet. They had gone up last. Masses of lurid smoke poured downwards through the grating of the manhole. Jim lay stunned, deafened, choking.

After a little he got unsteadily to his feet. Three of his comrades

lay senseless near him. The ship was very steady, but was sitting on her tail. The engines had stopped, and he heard the moaning of the wounded and the voices of the waves that beat about the foundering battleship. Jim groped for the ladder, gasping with the fumes, blinded with smoke and vapour. As he stumbled back from the blocked man-hole, a voice hailed feebly—

"Hi, mate! Give us a lift, for Gawd's sake! . . . Here!" Jim peered, and saw a ghastly face. It was Adams.

"Jim, I've hurt my back, and I can't move," he said.

"Half a mo'!" said Jim.

He tried another manhole, but it was blocked by debris too.

"Oh, Lord," groaned Adams, "to die like this!"

"Hold on, hold on! We'll get out," replied Miller cheerily. He tried two more manholes in the floor of the passage above. He had to lean against the wall. He heard the drumming of escaping steam. They were blowing off the boilers.

"She's going. I can feel her going," cried Adams, writhing.

"I've found one," said Jim, hauling Adams round and pulling him up the ladder through the manhole into the danger-passage that encircled the chamber where the huge hydraulic machinery that worked the guns was wrecked. At last, with great exertion, they emerged into the turret itself. Jim felt the *Decurion* settling as he stood there in grey twilight, with the singed corpses all round him. Alone he could get out into the open—even if it were only to die. But, with Adams. . . .

He heard men shouting and trampling above the dying hiss of the escape-valves. A voice called—

"Any more below? Any more alive-oh?"

"Yes, me and Adams. He's broke his back!"

"Right! We'll see to him. Look slippy!"

Heads peered in at the riven outlet. Jim laid Adams back.

"You're all right, old chap. Send us down a line."

They threw a rope and Jim fixed Adams in a cradle. Adams felt no pain. His injury was merciful—and fatal. There were poor wretches in acute agonies who would be hale and hearty in a month or two. . . . Their pain-noises filled the ship.

"Haul away!" said Jim, and, as they lugged Adams up, he himself clambered out into the clean west wind.

It was dusk, and a pale orange streak flared along the horizon under the purple storm-wrack. Jim saw the white lighthouse and

its buildings on the dun headland under the lee. The *Decurion* was sinking within hail of the shore. The flood tide was carrying her into Start Bay, into deep water; but the sea was comparatively calm, for the race now ran with the falling wind. He stood filling his lungs with the keen sweet air. Suddenly the mass of mangled metal touched a rock—checked—slid—and, as she swung and the strong rip caught her abeam, she rolled slowly over. . . .

The Bee Sands and Hall Sands fishermen, the coastguards, and the lifeboats from Salcombe and Dartmouth, who were standing by, pulled in over the oily eddies and bobbing refuse, and picked up the survivors of the *Decurion's* crew. Jim Miller was dragged aboard a little black smack with Adams lashed to him and to a lifebelt.

On the skyline seawards the searchlights showed the driving clouds, as they swished and thrust hither and thither like magic swords seeking a hidden prey. The wind had entirely dropped with the sunset. A few stars shone in rifts overhead.

Three days later Rosie walked into a cottage at Tor Cross and Jim took her in his arms and kissed her. Presently he said:

"I'm sorry you couldn't get here sooner. Poor old Adams kept asking for you when he died!"

THE END.



THE OPTIMIST!

"'Tis better to have golfed and lost than never to have golfed at all."



# ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

**Golf and Billiards.** A part of the public in its lighter moments of diversion, not worrying about either the Germans or the Servant Tax, is watching the progress of the great billiard match between Stevenson and George Gray, and deriving much entertainment and food for profitable reflection therefrom—golfers particularly. Golf and billiards are closely allied; there is much in common between them. They are just like brother and sister in games, the girl, of course, being the billiards, the gentler thing in whose companionship we delight in the evening after dinner, the rough hard work of the day having been done in association with our big, burly, manly golf. The golfer is particularly attracted towards billiards now that the sun shuts up so early in the afternoon; and so it happens that for a multitude of good reasons our attention is attracted to considerations affecting the game upon the green cloth at the present time. Good! Well, then, I have to suggest that, though just admitting that golf and billiards are brother and sister and that they have much in common, the statement frequently made that there is so much likeness between the games that the man who is successful in one is very likely to be successful in the other is nonsense. Let the man who can string up his fifty and sixty breaks at night approach this game of ours with the utmost respect when he comes to try it in the morning, or it will take more off him than ever he applied to his ball through the medium of the cue. Both games are difficult. I should say that it is easier to gain some respectable proficiency at billiards than at golf, the man who usually makes a twenty break without a fluke in it some time in the course of each hundred being, perhaps, the equivalent of the golfer of seven or eight handicap, if one may venture to make comparisons of this sort. But perhaps more men become scratch at golf than learn to make breaks of fifty and sixty at billiards; and that is very likely, because they practise and study the game more and are more in earnest. If they studied billiards in the same way they would get on at that game, too.

**Stevenson and Self.** Yet one day I was talking over these matters with H. W. Stevenson, one of the star performers in the great battle that is going on at the present



POTTERINI WHEN NOT POTTERING: MR. WILL EVANS AS GOLFER.

Mr. Will Evans, the well-known comedian, who is to play Potterini in "Hop o' My Thumb," at Drury Lane, is the fortunate owner of quite a number of acres. His farming may be of an amateur kind, but he gets any amount of amusement out of it.

*Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.*

time, and, he asking me some questions about golf and I pumping him for tips at billiards, we came to understand some points of similarity. Stevenson told me, what I never realised before, that stance is a matter of the utmost importance at billiards; that he adjusts his to an inch every time, and that the ordinary wretched billiard-player never does, and fails accordingly. When Stevenson is playing from a position of no particular difficulty, practically all his weight is on his feet, and none on the hand that rests on the table. Then there is similarity in the slow swing-back of both cue and club and in the easy follow-through after impact with the ball—Stevenson making a great point of this in his billiards. The two games are, of course, similar in the extremely important respect that they are both played with a stationary ball, so that the player has plenty of time to think out what it is desirable to do and how best to do it, and plenty of time to get frightened out of his life at the difficulties of it all, and to make a horrid mess of the stroke in consequence.

## Probable Bravery of Golfers.

There is no time to get frightened of the strokes at cricket, football, and tennis: that is why some men playing those games will do the most heroic things, and make you reflect that those fine fellows will give the niggers—or anybody else—something to remember if the time comes that they have to fight for their country. Yet if you say "Bo!" suddenly and unexpectedly to some of these men behind their backs afterwards, they will start up in momentary terror after the manner of your maiden aunt. On the other hand, I can well believe that the golfer who feels himself shaking when he has a twelve-inch putt to hole to win an important match is equal to single-handed combat with any number of lions and tigers, and no good billiard-player would ever be afraid of snakes. There is a likeness between the two games also in that in both, despite the deliberation and thought, you play largely from instinct, and do things not knowing how you do them. But the instinct is in its most perfect action in regulating the length of the backswing in accordance with the force to be applied to the ball. Teachers of golf tell you that the further you want to hit your ball, the further you must swing back. Precisely, but you need not bother about measuring off your backswing in advance, because instinct attends to this, and it does so also in the swing-back of the cue at billiards.



A GOLF-COURSE AS A BATTLEFIELD: SHELLS BURSTING ON THE LINKS AT HANKAU.

Hankau golf-course and race-course has been the scene of a number of fights during the present civil war. The Imperialists chose it as a part of their base, and held it for a time. Later, the Revolutionists took it.—[Photograph by L. Niel.]—

# FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

## THE SWORD VERSUS THE POLICE-COURT.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

*Author of "Phrynette and London."*

IT is the only "beautiful gesture" we have left, is duelling, and I shall be sorry when it goes with the rest of the splendid barbaric things. Yet it is bound to go, and soon; a thing which no one takes seriously any longer is already on its way to the charming past. I do not count a duel with revolvers—it's almost as unpicturesque as the police-court. I have often wondered what an Englishman does who receives an insult. Does he reply with his fist? Or does he sue the offender? Not very dignified either way. It's not, it should not be, money you want from one who insults you—it's his blood; at least, nothing else would satisfy me; but then, as a woman, I am a particularly sanguinary being. One does not settle a dispute with blows of the fist—why, your adversary may be much smaller and weaker than you, then how can you knock him down? While if you challenge him to a duel, it's his own fault if he is not as good with the rapier as you yourself.

But, however graceful duelling may be, it should not be regarded as an accomplishment, as a matter of etiquette, like an after-dinner speech or a New Year's Day formal call. My countrymen are killing the duel (if nothing else) by making it ridiculous. Duelling was, and is, the only decent way of settling a quarrel. It kept men courteous at the point of the sword; it did much to keep them alert, quick-witted, sharp-eyed. You can generally tell a good swordsman by the supple precision of his mien, and the most graceful, best-developed women in London are to be met in the fencing-room.

After all, a man values his life above his purse, and a lost process is less painful than a perforated lung. Any cad with money can afford the luxury of flinging insults right and left, if a fine is all he has to pay. Sad to say, in spite of its recent recrudescence in Paris, duelling is becoming a lost art, and duellists are making themselves as contemptible as those street-corner brawlers who are quick to strip but whose friends have to urge them forward. It is not that I despise cowards—they are born so, and they possess generally, as compensation for their lack of courage, a great sensitiveness and imagination—but I do despise a coward who is a braggart. It is to be a puerile braggart to send your seconds to a man whom you have no intention of killing or being killed by; it's to be a callous braggart to frighten his wife, his mother, his poor simple female relations; it's to be an abject braggart to have the first instalment of your would-be prowess circulated throughout the town. I have actually known a French student who was killed in a duel, and also an officer who did kill a brother-officer "on the ground"; but these people were young and earnest, and—it's several years ago! Nowadays, the more practical Frenchman considers a duel as an advertisement, which has not to be paid for. If Monsieur Lépine wishes to put down duelling, let him make it legal, but forbid any report of encounters, whether verbally or in the Press. And the French duellist will soon see the futility of stripping himself at the risk of catching a chill, if the world is not to hear of his great daring.

### A FAIR VISITOR TO ENGLAND: PRINCESS NICHOLAS OF GREECE.

Before her marriage, which took place in August 1902, the Princess was known as the Grand Duchess Helena Vladimirovna, daughter of the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia. She was born in January 1882. Her husband is the third son of the King of the Hellenes, and was born in January 1872.

*Photograph by Lillie Charles.*

Duelling is the only nice form of homicide. War is somewhat spoiled by having a low, land-grabbing aspect, apart from its

illogicalness, which has always rendered it unpopular with refined people. Also, war, like all transactions performed by proxy—like certain royal marriages, for instance—has a foolish moral ineffectiveness. A government which declares a war and sends some illiterate, simple-minded peasants to kill other creatures of the same unsophisticated calibre, or be killed by them, is very much like some quarrelsome gentleman who would send his valet to fight for him. Duelling takes place between men who know why and for what they are fighting, and are not forced to fight but choose to do so. Their point of contention is not some imaginary spoliation of some imaginary landmark, but an actual, real offence which they can conscientiously resent. As for the principle of war, I, being only a woman, and a frivolous one at that, cannot profess to understand it; besides, the State does not want me to understand or approve—the State merely wants my sons! But, by Mars, the God of Armies, and all warriors that ever were, the State shan't get them. I'll allow my sons (we'll take them for granted) to fight as many duels as they have enemies; but I shall certainly not allow them to blast from miles away some worthy—Iroquois (they'll forgive me for taking their name in vain)—because some rheumatismal old Chancellor happened to have gout in his big toe when making that memorable speech. No, no; my sons will be obedient children and accomplished swordsmen. I want them, should they be provoked, to prove that two duellists can make a duel, even in France. In Germany duels are most unæsthetic affairs; it's not at the heart the German duellist aims, but at the face—an outrage to the *mœurs* of a country. A valorous German is a most unkissable creature. A man's life may belong to his enemy; but his good looks belong to his lady-friends.



THE NEW CENSOR OF PLAYS:  
"DEAR OLD CHARLIE"  
BROOKFIELD.

It was announced officially recently that Mr. Charles Hallam Elton Brookfield had been appointed joint-examiner of plays with Mr. G. A. Redford. Mr. Brookfield, who was born in 1857, the second son of the Rev. Canon W. H. Brookfield, was educated at Westminster and at Trinity College, Cambridge. For many years he was on the staff of the "Saturday Review." He has been an actor; and, as dramatist, he is author of between forty and fifty plays, including "The Dovecote," "The Cuckoo," "Dear Old Charlie," and "See See."

*Photograph by Beresford.*



IN ENGLAND WITH THEIR MOTHER: THE PRINCESSES OLGA, ELIZABETH, AND MARINA, DAUGHTERS OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS NICHOLAS OF GREECE. Princess Olga was born in May 1903; Princess Elizabeth in May 1904; and Princess Marina in November 1906. They are the only children of Prince and Princess Nicholas.

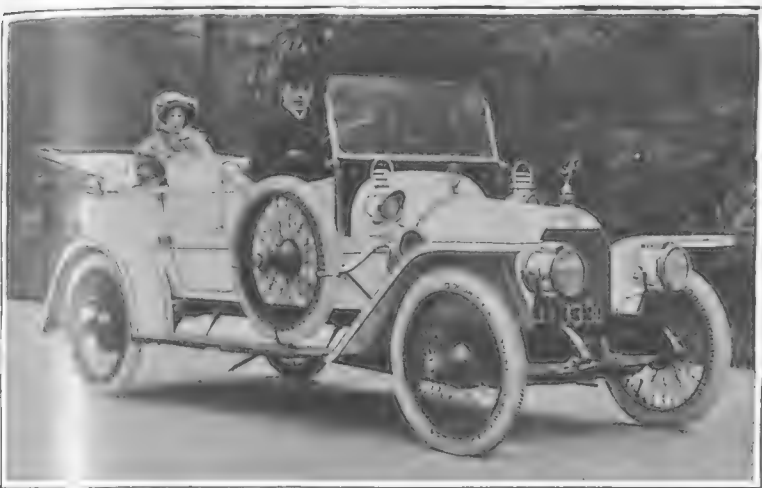
*Photograph by Lillie Charles.*

# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

## Altitude Record with Passenger.

The Deperdussin - Gnome aeroplane, upon which Mr. James Valentine so pluckily finished the circuit of Britain last summer, has lately scored another record. Handled by that remarkably skilful aeroplanist Prévost, it has, carrying a passenger, soared to the giddy

many more years. It is a crude production, and inefficient in many respects, and its development has been exceedingly rapid. It may well be that a few more years may see the adoption of radically new principles, or even of flying machines of a wholly new type. Both the lifting screw and the flapping wing have advantages that are not possessed, nor ever can be, by the aeroplane pure and simple, nor is either a mechanical impossibility."



ON A CAR SHOWN AT THE BERLIN MOTOR EXHIBITION: MR. NOEL L. GODBER ON HIS 15-22-H.P. PRINCE HENRY MODEL STOEWER. The car is both silent and speedy. Rudge-Whitworth detachable wheels and Goodrich tyres are fitted to it. At the wheel is its owner, Mr. Noel L. Godber, of St. Ivel, Ltd.

Michelin is never weary of well-doing in the interests of the motorist. In this connection Bibendum suggests, with the inimitable Mr. Dooley, that in the ordinary way the thick end of a baseball-club will convince a man more quickly than any amount of argument. But in the matters of which he treats in the Michelin Instruction Plates, First Series, he is inclined to join issue with the great American humourist in the matter of photographs, which he characterises as highly convincing evidence. Accordingly he issues a particularly well-got-up pamphlet portraying all and various the many lamentable things which may happen to tyres and tubes. Terrible things that ensue from not placing a tube evenly round the inside of a cover, fierce and irresponsible brakeing, careless packing of a tube on tour in boxes, and, worse, amongst the tools, the effect of an independent non-skid attachment improperly fitted, a spanner or a Michelin dummy-valve within the cover, nips, the neglect of a puncture, home-made repairs, over-vulcanised tubes, non-parallel steering-wheels—all are shown in all their horror by brilliant-tinted illustrations from the life.



FOR THE YOUNGSTER'S USE: A TOY—BUT WORKING—MOTOR-CAR.

This miniature car sells for £6. Photograph by Sport and General.

## The American Grand Prix.

The daily Press of this country has concerned itself but little with the big race held on the Savannah Circuit on the 1st inst. It is remarkable that no French or English machines competed, and that native-made products had to take a back seat. Italy and Germany shared the honours of the Grand Prize of America, for the race fell to David Bruce-Brown on a F.I.A.T. after a great ding-dong struggle with Eddie Hearne driving a Benz, while a Mercedes finished third. The first five competitors all completed within eight minutes, two minutes separating the F.I.A.T. and the Benz, and one minute the Benz and the Mercedes. Two Lozier cars, one driven by Ralph Mulford and the other by Harry Grant, finished fourth and fifth. All American records were beaten.

## The Probabilities of Aviation.

One of the most complete and interesting books on Aviation and Aerostation I have yet come across is a little volume by Colonel Hoerns, published by Messrs. Chas. Griffin and Co., Ltd. The preface is particularly readable, for it forecasts the future possibilities of aviation in a sound and practical manner. In summing up the probable developments in the future of the balloon, the dirigible, and the aeroplane, Mr. John H. Ledeboer says, "Finally, it would be the height of folly to assume that the aeroplane, as it is known to-day, is likely to endure for

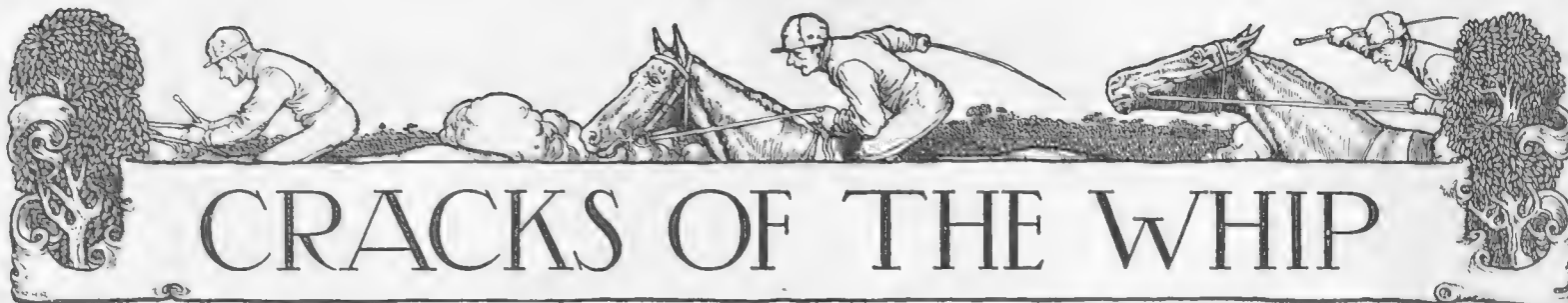


"FEATHERWEIGHT CHAMPION": A TOY IN WHICH A BOY OR GIRL CAN RIDE.

"Featherweight Champion," which is propelled by means of pedals, costs £15 and has pneumatic tyres.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

Conflict of Terms. It is to be regretted that the distinctive term of "Standard-Car Race" was allowed to apply to the hundred-laps race held at Brooklands by the Royal Automobile Club, and the fifty-miles race for standard cars, organised later by the Brooklands Club. One hundred laps of the big course at Weybridge are equal to about 277 miles—quite a different test, particularly at Brooklands, from what is comparatively a sprint. It cannot be too widely known that the winner of the R.A.C.-promoted race of 277 miles was a 15.9-h.p. Star, by the Star Motor Company, of Wolverhampton; while the victor in the shorter event was a 15.9-h.p. Sunbeam, by the Sunbeam Motor Company, also of Wolverhampton. Both were splendid performances, but they should not be confused, particularly as the Star cars finished first and third in the R.A.C. event. By the R.A.C. report, I see that in future distinctive names will be selected for the two races; also, that in all probability there will be a Standard-Car Race in 1912, on the lines of that held in 1911, which was extremely popular with the entrants.

[Continued on a later page.]



# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

## Recruits.

In England, hurdle-racers and steeplechasers are mainly recruited from the ranks of bad or faint-hearted flat-racers. Very seldom indeed do we find an owner having a really good horse schooled for jumping, but this winter Mr. Gorham, the owner of *Ultimus*, apparently intends to race that colt over hurdles, in spite of his extraordinary improvement. This improvement, by the way, may possibly be attributable to the fact that he was put over hurdles last winter; in fact, Mr. Gorham bought him for that purpose, never dreaming that he had acquired the prospective winner of so important an event as the Manchester November Handicap. I fancy Mr. Gorham is keener on National Hunt sport than on flat-racing; hence his decision to send *Ultimus* back to Hackett. It does not follow by any means that because a horse is a good one on the flat he will prove a success over hurdles or fences. On the other hand, many a worthless flat-racer has developed into a bread-winner over obstacles; and the number of horses that have been good, or more than good, at both games is a very select one. I suppose in recent years Count Schomberg was the most notable example. He was first class on the flat, over hurdles, and over fences. Another almost, if not quite, as good was *Soliman*, though whether he ever went over fences I do not remember. He was a champion over hurdles.

## N.H. Jockeys.

The difference in the financial conditions that obtain with cross-country jockeys, as compared with those of the flat-race jockeys, is strikingly shown by the fact that such a clever man as E. Piggott holds a retainer of £300 to ride for Sir C. G. Assheton Smith. I wonder what the fashionable flat-race jockeys would say were such an offer made to them, even granting that it were made by an owner with so few horses as the one named? I am afraid the jockey's nose would be elevated to the disdainful angle. Yet although the cross-country jockey cannot command anything like the retaining fees that owners fall over one another to pay flat-race jockeys, their skill is, generally speaking, greater; and so, by-the-way, is the danger. Many of the jockeys who ride under N.H. rules will "go round" for a sovereign, and sometimes less, on brutes that are faulty jumpers, or on others that can jump, but have to be forced to do so. It is no exaggeration to say that every time a man gets up for a steeplechase he takes his life in his hands. The fact that there are so few falls is more a tribute to the jockeys' skill than to the cleverness of the horses or their trainers. Of course the reason why the N.H. jockey earns less money than the flat-race jockey is because there is less money to be won in stakes and betting by the owners. Only at the more prosperous of the enclosures is the minimum stake £100, but it must be added that the minimum is the case in the majority of races even at those

places. A thing that strikes the critic of the winning cross-country jockeys list is that in most of the cases the averages are higher than those of the flat-race riders. Thus W. Payne, the most successful N.H. rider of the year, has an average of about thirty per cent., a figure that also applies to R. Chadwick, second on the list. Mason (who is fourth), Dainty, and Kay have been almost equally successful.

## Isinglass.

The recently deceased Isinglass was one of the most brilliant racehorses of the nineteenth century, but not such a brilliant success as a stallion, although by no manner of means could he be called a failure as a sire. Many good horses sprang from his loins, the best, probably, being the most unlucky. I refer to John o' Gaunt, whose ill-luck, in the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby, was pronounced. That Mr. Thursby would, under ordinary conditions, have been the first amateur to ride a Derby winner I have not much doubt, but that terrific flash of lightning, immediately on top of which came an equally terrifying crash of thunder, coincided with the start, and frightened him. John o' Gaunt has distinguished himself since by siring *Swynford*, who was not far from being a great horse on the Turf. Isinglass's "classic" representatives were *Cherry Lass*, who won the One Thousand Guineas and Oaks, and *Glass Doll*, who won the Oaks. It may be that the best of all his progeny is *Belleisle*, whose running last season engenders hopes of great things to come. Another

of Isinglass's offspring, *Baltinglass*, was nearly a good one. He ran so well in the St. Leger that he was considered to be next door to a certainty for the *Cesarewitch*, but no jockey at the weight could help him or hold him together. Isinglass always gave one the impression that he knew just how much he had to do in his races, and would do that and no more; it was frequently said that he would make a race with a donkey, and in all his races the cry went up, "Isinglass is beaten." It was just as that shout went up that he invariably started to win. The "yellow jack" to Isinglass was *Ravensbury*, who must have grown to hate the sight of a horse that always finished a bit in front of him. The death of Isinglass revives memories of the glorious era of Mr. Harry McCalmont, Captain Machell, and Jewitt.



FROM TEXAS: THE CHAMPION WOMEN'S POLO TEAM.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.



AFTER SPORTING CHANCE'S FALL AT NEWBURY: D. FAULKNER, THE JOCKEY, BEING CARRIED OFF THE FIELD BY CYCLE AMBULANCE.

Mr. R. Hardinge's *Sporting Chance* fell after covering six furlongs in the Open Steeplechase.

Photograph by G.P.U.

## MONDAY TIPS.

BY CAPTAIN COE.

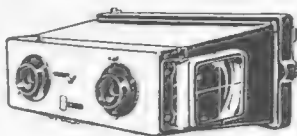
Windsor to-day: Clewer Steeplechase,

Royal Birthday; Maiden Hurdle, *Shaccabac*; *Thames Hurdle*, *Bronzewing III*. Tomorrow: December Hurdle, *Selectman*; College Steeplechase, *Kilkeel*; Three Years Hurdle, *Irish King*; Paddock Steeplechase, *Chessington*. Lingfield, Friday: Winter Hurdle, *Newgrange*; Southern Steeplechase, *Strangegate*; Cobham Hurdle, *Mancetter*. Saturday: Year's End Steeplechase, *Proud Bird*; Stewards' Steeplechase, *Bridge IV*.

## Christmas Presents for All.

### To Take and Keep Souvenirs.

A Christmas present that will be a pleasure all the year is a Jules Richard Glyphoscope Camera. It will give photographers results that will please them, enabling them to make and keep pictorial records of what they admire and love that will always give them satisfaction. A stereoscopic camera that gives a photograph in which the details stand out in the same bold relief and perspective as in real life has been all photographers' ambition; hence this clever invention, which places such a camera as the Glyphoscope at 35s. within the reach of all. This includes slides and stereoscope, and has with it a firm guarantee that it will produce perfect results. All information about it can be obtained by writing to Jules Richard (maker of the famous Verascope), 27, New Bond Street, for the List No. 4.

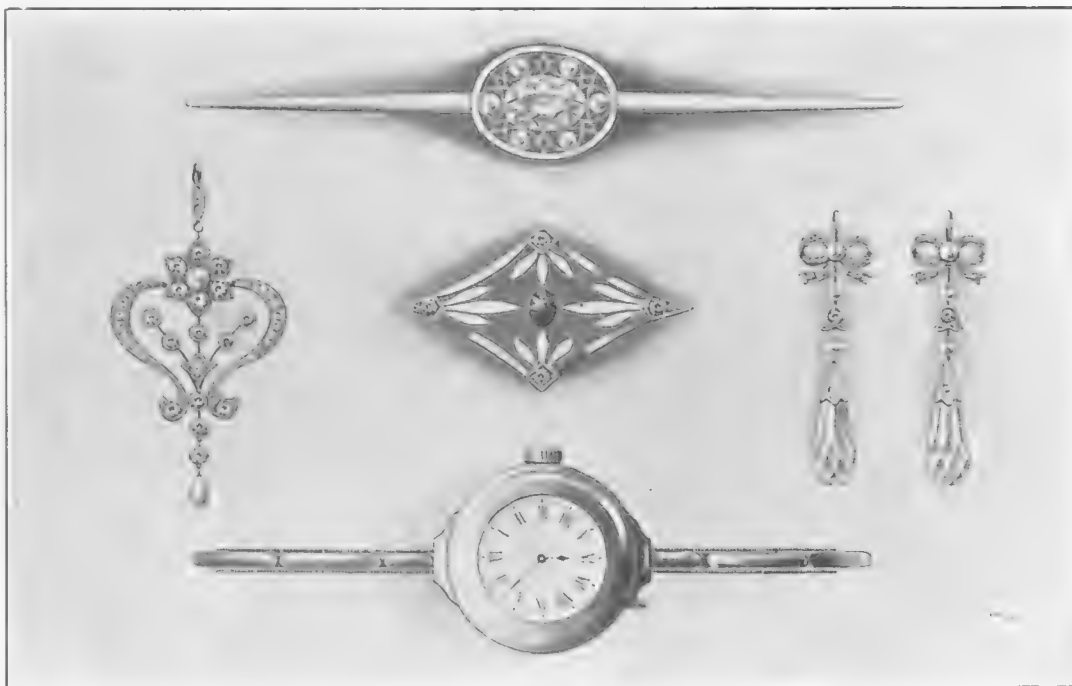


A GLYPHOSCOPE CAMERA.

Jules Richard, 27, New Bond Street, W.

### Gifts of Jewellery.

Every woman loves pretty jewellery, and every man knows that she does; therefore gifts of jewellery are always sure to be liked. At Mappin and Webb's special pains have been taken in this department to provide really lovely things, and at all prices. Whether at the firm's establishment at 158, Oxford Street; 220, Regent Street; or 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., the show is really interesting, and choice is made easy because there are such quantities of new pieces of the highest quality and best workmanship. Quite a novelty is a platinum watch-bracelet on a slender platinum flexible expanding bangle. A pair of aquamarine - diamond - and - pearl earrings are lovely, and cost the modest sum of £7 10s. Very new and most effective is a brooch in polished and matt platinum set with an amethyst. A long veil-pin in platinum, set with pearls and aquamarines, is very handsome and unusual, while one set with a lovely pearl-and-diamond cluster costs only £10. Very attractive are the flexible rings made on the same principle as expanding bracelets; they are very neat and most comfortable to wear, and some fine stones are set into them. A pearl-and-diamond three-cluster bracelet set in platinum, and quite flexible, is a very imposing and effective ornament. Quite a remarkable example of value is a very handsome aquamarine-pearl-and-diamond necklet of excellent design for £25 10s., while a double-drop pendant and necklet of aquamarine, pearls, and diamonds is also excellent value for £6. Charming novelties for children are flexible gold bangles set with little heart-shaped clusters of gems. Very pretty, too, are pearl bangles strung on platinum wires with ruby rondels between. There are many more lovely things, including some splendid examples of diamond setting that I have no space to mention. A catalogue will gladly be sent by the firm to anyone applying for it.



GEMS OF PUREST RAY SERENE: JEWELLERY FOR CHRISTMAS. AND A PLATINUM WATCH-BRACELET.

Messrs. Mappin and Webb, 158, Oxford Street; 220, Regent Street; and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.



TO CHARM ONE OF THE FIVE SENSES: A BOX OF THE ORIGINAL "4711" EAU-DE-COLOGNE—A FRAGRANT GIFT.

### Comfort at Christmas.

It will not be a merry season if one's feet are forgotten and are not cased comfortably. Let me remind my readers that "Lotus" boots and shoes, to which word, as trade-mark, "British Made" has been added since last autumn,

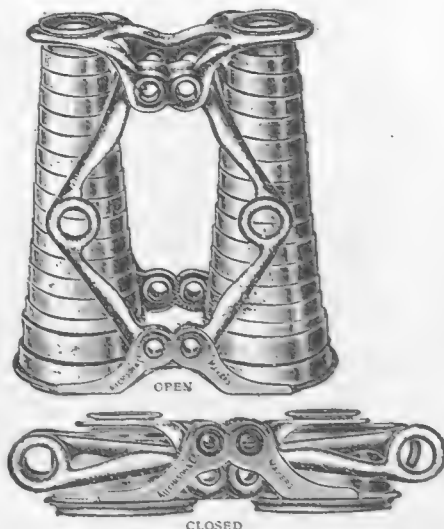
are comfortable, being practically as if made from one's own last. Widths are graduated in length by half-sizes. The latest models have short fronts, which make them captivating in appearance for either wide or slender feet (and feet are much seen nowadays), while in wear they are delightful. Winter sports, so popular with English men and ladies, are also thought of; the new ski boots are much approved for their comfort and reliability. They have been severely tested by experienced ski-runners, and have come out triumphant at all points.

### Sweetly Scented.

Few of us are outside the influences of fascinating odours. Men like a really nice perfume, and use it with pleasure if it is gently permeating and not obtrusive. In these days of increasing microbes scent has its uses as well as its pleasures. At Messrs. S. J. Goss, 17, Brompton Road, there are several perfumes that are delightful to use or to have used in one's vicinity. One which has found much favour with mankind is "Yama," a very fresh, pervading, but never insistent odour. It is sold in bottles from 3s. 6d. to 21s. There is a series of toilet preparations of similar scent; a toilet-water from 3s. 6d. to 10s. 6d.; soap at 3s. 6d. a box; face-powder in all shades at 2s. 6d.; bath-salts from 2s. 6d. to 30s.; and dusting-powder, for after the bath, from 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. A new and very delicious scent is called "Tulipe Rembrandt," and is sold at from 3s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. a bottle. Quite useful and pretty presents are large glass powder-dishes for bath-powder, with great, big puff. Plain dishes are sold for 5s. 9d.; cut or decorated with gold, they cost from 8s. 6d. to 13s. 6d. Little real Worcester pots, containing lip-salve or nail-polisher, for 3s. 6d., make dainty little presents. There is a new oatmeal skin-food, put up in pots at 1s. 6d., and in ornamental Japanese jars at 2s. 6d.; there are also plain pots, in larger sizes, at 5s. and 7s. 6d. Original perfumes which are greatly liked, Spurway being the name of one, are put up in bottles, 3s. 9d., 7s., and 13s. 9d. Very useful are decanter-shaped bottles filled with perfume, at 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 15s. 6d.; these can be used as decanters when the scent is gone.

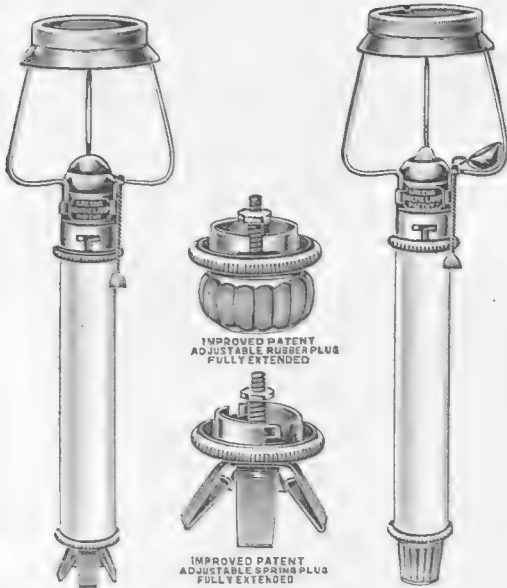
### Seeing Straight and Clear.

A present ensuring clear vision of things in the country, field, or theatre is one that man or woman at home or abroad really likes and values. For this reason an Aitchison collapsible binocular opera and field glass is an always successful gift. It folds compactly to a thickness of an inch, and being made entirely of aluminium, is the lightest field-glass known. It can be carried in the waistcoat pocket or reticule. There are two powers—No. 1, at two guineas, showing a magnification of four diameters; and No. 2, at £3 3s., having a magnification of six. These glasses, invaluable to tourists, can be seen at Messrs.



TO CHARM ANOTHER OF THE FIVE SENSES: AN AITCHISON COLLAPSIBLE BINOCULAR.

Messrs. Aitchison, 429, Strand; 281, Oxford Street; and 6, Poultry.



WITH THE IMPROVED ADJUSTABLE RUBBER PLUG: GREEN'S ARCTIC LAMPS.

The Arctic Light Company, Ltd., 49, Hatton Garden, E.C.

Aitchison's, British Government Opticians, 428, Strand, W.C.; 281, Oxford Street, W.; 6, Poultry, E.C.; and branches in London, Leeds, and Manchester. They will with pleasure send one on seven days' approval on receipt of the price or of good references.

Light, Bright, and Pretty at Christmas. More of the merri-ment than we know of depends upon illumination. Rooms and dinner-tables must not only be brightly lighted but prettily lighted. Green Arctic Lamps for candles are, of course, known everywhere. We have long been grateful to them as a means of using pretty shades with safety, and the only way of burning candles evenly and well. Now, however, these lamps will earn our greater grati-

tude. They have been improved in that they have a tapering and adjustable rubber plug, suitable for candlesticks of any material, and

to fit any sized nozzle; the shade support is strengthened, the extinguisher rests further back, and is not liable to fall down when the lamp is moved. An extra security is afforded by the double T-shaped bayonet catches, and the method of attaching the expanding plug to the tube of the lamp is another feature of the improved models. If these are used together with the patent Ebonax base and Arctic lights, a beautiful, soft, and most becoming light is secured, which can be shaded to correspond with differing decorations, the pretty and often expensive shades secure from injury and the house from accident.

There is no extra charge for the improvements. The lamps are to be obtained everywhere. An explanatory leaflet will be sent to anyone applying to the Arctic Light Company, Ltd., 49, Hatton Garden, E.C.

**Beauty's Favourite.** When women talk about their complexions or admire those of other women, the words "Crème Simon" will crop up many a time. It is realised that there is nothing like it. It gives the skin the lustre of satin and the softness of peach-skin. It has exceedingly soothing ingredients, so that men use it also after shaving and to keep their skins healthy and soft. Crème Simon conquers even wrinkles. Simon Soap is made with similar ingredients, and is so pure that it does not irritate the most delicate skin and is particularly suitable for babies. Rice-Powder Simon is flower-of-rice and quite free of bismuth. It is a favourite because of its perfect purity and its tonic and soothing qualities, and is used throughout the world.

#### Christmas Amusements in Great Hotels.

Many people seize on the holidays to enjoy some sea air. The proprietors of the Gordon Hotels place it in their power to do this, and to enjoy as well Christmas fare and Christmas entertainment. At the Metropole, Brighton, there will be a Cinderella dance in the Clarence Rooms on the 23rd, vocal and instrumental concerts on the 24th and 25th, a ball in the Clarence Rooms on the 26th, a Cinderella dance on the 30th, and vocal and instrumental concerts each other evening until and including the 31st. From the 22nd until the 27th almost similar arrangements are made for the Metropole at Folkestone, and at the Cliftonville, Margate. At the Burlington, Eastbourne, the hotel orchestra will play daily in the Lounge.

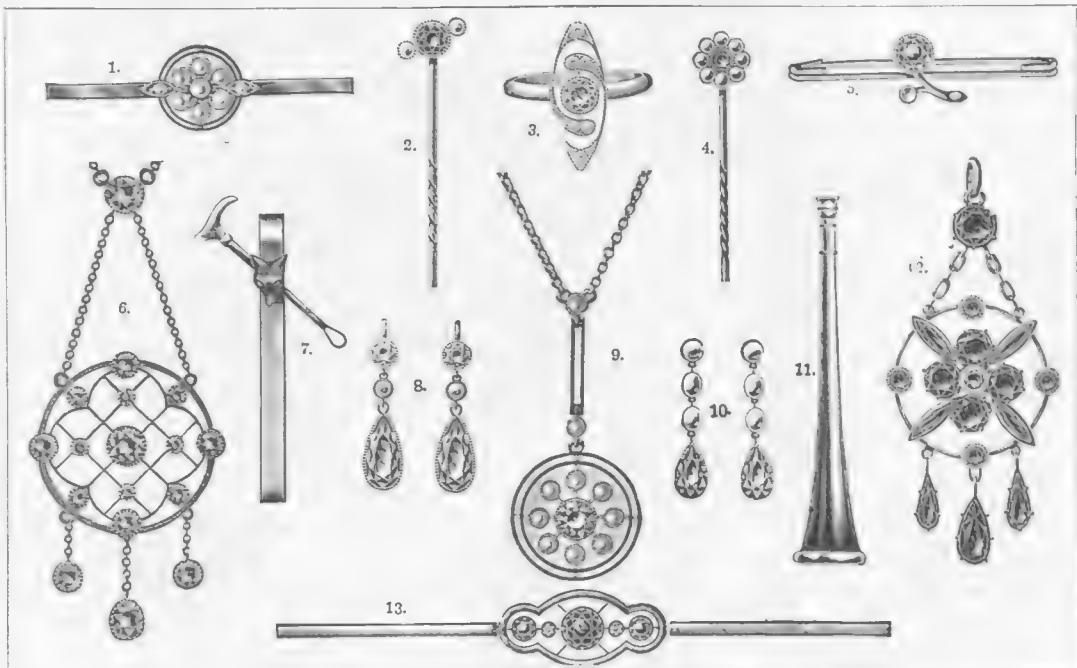
#### Jewellery for Presents.

To one on Christmas presents intent, making a tour through the West End of London on the look-out for novelties for the coming season, an establishment particularly attractive for originality of designs and finish in workmanship is the Association of Diamond Merchants, of Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square. Here are to be seen most artistic articles of jewellery mounted in platinum and gold, and at prices which should appeal to all classes of the general public. A few of the cheaper articles which the Company have just mounted up are illustrated here. Many charming gifts can be had like these at prices under £10, for at this time of year the majority of people give away little presents and souvenirs up to this figure; but anyone of larger means wishing to make a present or purchase of a higher amount would be well advised to write to the Association of Diamond Merchants for their illustrated catalogue for 1912, beautifully bound in cloth and containing 7000 illustrations. The prices of the goods illustrated in this work range from £1 to £10,000. Another of the advantages the Association offer is that any of their goods can be purchased on their system of monthly payments; they make no extra charge for goods bought this way, but they allow a special discount of 5 per cent. off marked prices for cash.

#### Footing it at the Festive Season.

Whether we walk or whether we dance, whether we skate or whether we ski, we shall be neither merry nor happy if our feet do not look nice and feel comfortable. At the fine premises of the Raoul Shoe Company of Paris, 195-197, Regent Street, are many beautiful models of boots and shoes which are elegant, *chic*, and comfortable. Than this, only one thing more can be required of footwear—that it should be of excellent value.

The Raoul proves best and cheapest too. The fashion for boots and shoes just now is what is called the spat-upper—that is, the upper of cloth or suede, and the golosh or vamp patent. These are sold at the establishment in question of the neatest description—boots with black, grey, or brown uppers at a guinea a pair; shoes with grey, brown, or black suede uppers, 16s. 6d.; and black or grey uppers, with patent vamps, at a guinea. These are latest models, and are infinitely neater and more becoming to the feet than spats worn over boots and shoes—a style of thing deserving of severe criticism. A useful



1. A fine gold-and-pearl brooch. 2. A tourmaline, peridot, or amethyst scarf-pin. 3. A ruby or sapphire and diamond ring. 4. A pearl-and-amethyst scarf-pin. 5. A pearl-and-peridot brooch. 6. A peridot-and-ruby necklet. 7. A gold brooch. 8. Pearl-and-amethyst earrings. 9. Peridot or amethyst and pearl necklet. 10. Peridot or amethyst and pearl earrings. 11. A gold horn brooch. 12. A gold almandine pendant. 13. An amethyst, peridot, and white sapphire brooch.

LIKE TREASURE-TROVE FROM ALADDIN'S CAVE: A DAZZLING DISPLAY OF LOVELY JEWELLERY.

The Association of Diamond Merchants, 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square.

and most acceptable Christmas present would be a pair of the firm's beautiful white, blue, or pink satin evening shoes, daintily embroidered, for £1; or with gold, silver, or oxidised tissue embroidery for £1 6s. 6d. There are many other evening shoes, all of them

very dainty and pretty, calculated to make the best of our feet when we put them foremost at this festive time. There are very pretty and effective black ante-lope or bronze shoes, with five straps across the instep, embroidered, at 24s. Boots with fancy cloth uppers and patent goloshes, at 22s., are very smart and neat. The firm's illustrated catalogue is worth sending for as a guide. [Continued overleaf.]

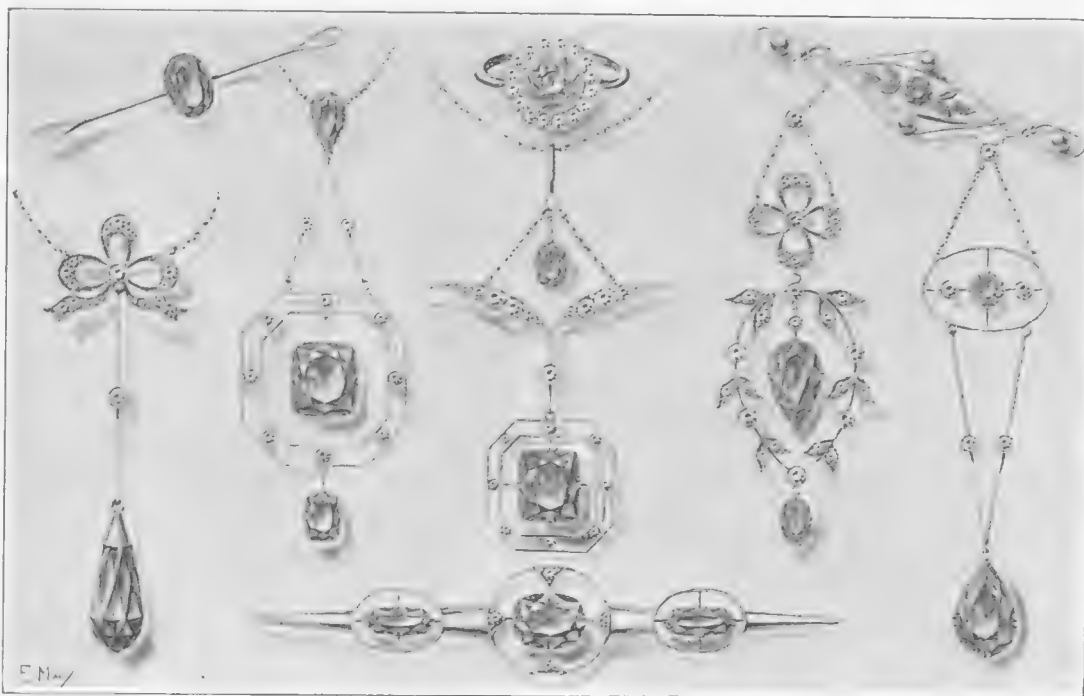


DAINTY FOOT-GEAR FOR DAINTY FEET.

The Raoul Shoe Company of Paris, 195-197, Regent Street.

**Presents in Profusion.**

The fine salons of Stewart Dawson and Co., Ltd., 73 to 81, Regent Street, are just now suffering pleasant and seasonable invasion from an army of present-hunters. They find all that they can possibly require to select from, and at prices which please them. The firm are at great advantage



THE VOGUE OF AQUAMARINE: CHARMING JEWELLERY FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Messrs. Stewart Dawson and Co., 73-81, Regent Street.

in that they have to keep ten huge establishments stocked with the latest things in jewellery, silver, plate, and leather. The fact, too, that the business is conducted on ready-money principles makes it possible to give to clients a great advantage. A specialty for the season is a selection of diamond-pearl- and -aquamarine ornaments. This last stone has rushed into popularity: the only wonder is that it has been neglected for so long, as it is lovely. There are brooches, earrings, pendants, and necklets in this delightful combination of gems, set in gold and platinum. A charming pendant on a chain passed through an aquamarine clasp, the pendant of lovely design, costs only £4. Dainty and pretty, fine pearl-and-chrysolite earrings cost only £1 16s. 6d. per pair; another pair, all diamonds, in a fascinating design, costs £25. One is just as good value as the other; it is purely a question of what kind of present is required. Watches are a strong point with the firm. One with lever movement on a gold expanding bracelet

costs only £4 10s. They can be had up to any price with jewels set round the dials. Golden gifts for men are quite a specialty; there are sovereign-purses, card-cases, match-boxes, cigarette-cases, and a splendid lot of pins and of waistcoat-buttons and sleeve-links to select from at prices that need frighten no one. In tempting silver presents there is an embarrassment of riches. I will mention only that an engine-turned concave-shaped cigarette-case in solid silver is sold for £1 4s., holding two rows of cigarettes.

MADE WITH ANY TWO-LETTER MONOGRAM: A HAND-EMBROIDERED LINEN HANDKERCHIEF.

The White House, 51, New Bond Street.

To hold only one row, a solid silver case can be had for 14s. 6d. In hand-bags there is unlimited variety at all sorts of prices; there are jewel-cases, fitted cases for all purposes, walking-sticks, everything that can be thought of in fancy leather articles suitable for gifts. An excellent illustrated catalogue, called "Christmas Gifts," will be sent post free to anyone who applies for it. As a guide for those unable to visit the premises it is invaluable.

**Dainty and Novel.**

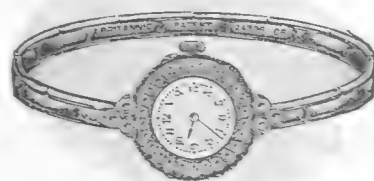
There are at Messrs. J. C. Vickery's fine establishment, 179-183, Regent Street, many new and very pretty presents, useful as well as ornamental. There are long brooches, very much liked by ladies to fasten veils and scarfs, set with diamonds and aquamarines or other stones. Sometimes the setting is in the centre, sometimes at one end. Very dainty, too, is a diamond bar-brooch on which is tied a bow of rubies. Hat-pins with enamel heads and rows of pearls round are very charming; a pair in a case makes a most acceptable gift. These are smaller in size and quite new in design.

A set of sweet-dishes in the shape of silver-gilt garden-baskets is original and useful as well as pretty. Dainty and delightful are pierced-silver perfume-sachets. Most useful are baskets fitted with balls of twine of different thicknesses, scissors and other tools, labels, stickfast, sealing-wax, all the requisites for doing up parcels always

being sent—more than usual at Christmas. A jewel-case, the top tray fitted with manicure implements, is good. A double-tier hot-dish stand will be appreciated in any household, as will sets of tea-knives, with silver-gilt blades and handles of green or violet stained ivory.

**An Ideal Gift.** To wear for life with absolute comfort, to be consulted without inconvenience, and to be a handsome ornament, there is no gift like a Britannic patent expanding watch-bracelet. These are made in several designs; there is no place like the wrist for a watch, but they

can be had as bracelets without watches. These expanding wristlets are strongly made; there is no riveting or soft-soldering in their construction. One has been opened and closed by machinery one hundred thousand times, and stood the test perfectly, so reliable are the springs, which are guaranteed for four years, and can be entirely renewed any time after for 5s. The wristlets can be had with easier or stronger springs, as desired. It should be seen that the name Britannic and the patent number 24,396/06 are inside. A 15-ct. bracelet with 18-ct. lever watch is from £9; watch and bracelet, both 15-ct., from £7 7s.; 9-ct., from £4 17s. 6d. They are London-made, and the watches are guaranteed.



MADE IN SEVERAL FASCINATING DESIGNS: A BRITANNIC PATENT EXPANDING WATCH-BRACELET.

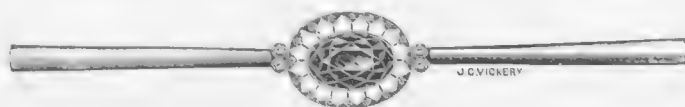
**Quite a New Present.**

A home cinematograph show is the delightful result of the up-to-date gift. A Kinora is its name, and its home, where it can be seen any day, 138, New Bond Street (Messrs. Bond, Ltd.) No screen, lantern, or any kind of special lighting is needed. There are various forms of

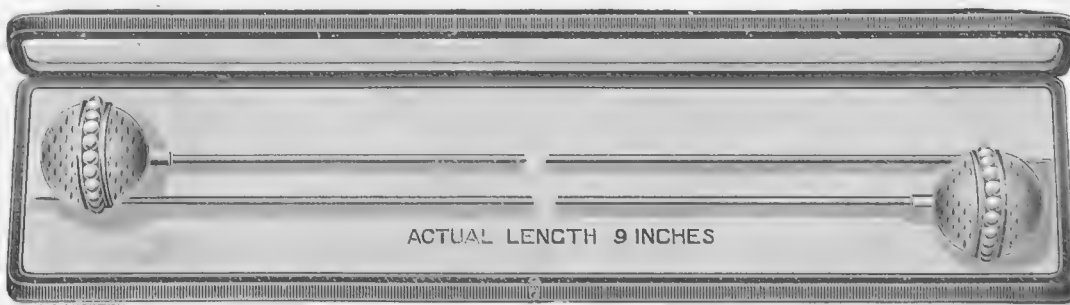
this clever invention, from a small table instrument to a handsome pedestal one, something resembling a gramophone cabinet. A perfect exhibition of living pictures can be shown. The supply of these is almost unlimited, and can be added to at any time at the smallest expense. The prices are very widely ranged, so as to bring the newest invention within the reach of all.

**Boy Empire Builders.**

There is a fine reserve of pent-up energy in every healthy-minded boy. Of the ordinary toy that takes his mental energy nowhere he speedily tires. One that really stimulates and exercises it, such as Meccano, will please him for hours. The same is true of girls. With Meccano a child can construct strong and efficient models of the engineering triumphs of the world. Working models can be made of cranes, bridges, and signals which look like the real things. A Meccano outfit is a real joy to a boy and girl with constructive ideas—there are many such. All toy-dealers have it, or it can be obtained from Meccano, Limited, 272, West Derby Road, Liverpool, at prices ranging from 3s. to 100s. per outfit.



A PRETTY FASTENING FOR VEILS OR SCARFS: A BAR BROOCH.



ACTUAL LENGTH 9 INCHES

QUITE NEW IN DESIGN: A CASE OF HAT-PINS WITH HEADS IN ENAMEL AND PEARL.

Mr. J. C. Vickery, 179-183, Regent Street.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 27.*

## THE MARKETS.

**D**URING the last week the Stock Markets have again been in a very dull and uninteresting condition, and writing the City article under such circumstances makes one sympathise with the Israelites of old time who were set the task of making bricks without straw.

The political situation with regard to Persia has not helped matters, and prices in most departments have sagged from mere inanition.

Although there is no likelihood of an increase in the Bank Rate, the Money Market has been very firm, and the usual demands for the Christmas trade will probably keep it so for the remainder of the month. This fact, the foreign situation, and the knowledge that further important new issues are pending, have been responsible for the flatness of gilt-edged securities, Consols at one time touching  $76\frac{3}{4}$  for money.

Among foreign securities the movements have been mostly adverse. Persian 5 per cents. have dropped to 93. Italian Rentes, however, are up to 101, and Peruvians have been quite a strong feature in view of the satisfactory nature of the directors' report.

In spite of the excellent Board of Trade Returns for November, Home Rails still continue weak, but with little change in prices, and dealers are marking time until the result of the conference between the representatives of the Companies and the men's unions is made known.

In the Miscellaneous Market, London General Omnibus stock has been very active since the issue of the directors' report, and, after touching 162, declined to  $155\frac{1}{2}$ , partly on profit-taking sales and partly on rumours of the formation of a competing company, but closes better. Marconis have been dealt in on a considerable scale, but are unchanged on balance, and otherwise the market has been featureless.

## MINES.

Mines have shared the prevailing dullness, neither Kaffirs nor Rhodesians showing any changes of importance, Cam and Motor being the exception with a rise of 2s. The chief interest has centred round the proposed scheme of the Consolidated Gold Fields to take over the control of the Rhodesian Exploration Group. Both the Companies concerned issued circulars to the effect that the directors have certain proposals to make to their respective shareholders, and on Thursday it was officially announced that the provisional agreement would be submitted to the shareholders in due course. The prices of the shares have not been affected to any great extent, and until the details are announced the market is disinclined to commit itself definitely either way; but the prevailing opinion seems to be that the scheme is sound and should do much to restore confidence disturbed by the financial methods of the past.

There has been a very considerable reaction in Nigerian Tin shares after their rapid rise in the early part of the week; but we should not be surprised to see them go ahead again after the Settlement.

## THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Few, if any, among Home Rails have better prospects than Great Centrals, and of late the Company has been making excellent progress. The increase of gross receipts for the first half of 1911 was £101,628, and although working expenses were higher, the net receipts were £34,317 up. In spite of the August strike, the gross traffics to date show an increase of over £59,000.

The agreement with the Great Northern and Great Eastern will tend to a steady reduction of working expenses, and the opening of the Humber Commercial Dock and Railway should bring new traffics. The recent booming of Kent Coal has withdrawn attention from the possibilities of the coal-fields in the Doncaster district and the more recent discoveries in Buckinghamshire; but if either of these materialise, the Great Central will reap the full benefit.

For those on the look-out for a good 4 per cent. security in this market, it is doubtful whether a more attractive stock can be found than the  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Debentures of this Company at  $114\frac{1}{2}$ , or the  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. at 88. Both are thoroughly well secured, the Second Debenture interest being covered more than two-and-a-half times over, while the net revenue is steadily expanding.

For the speculator, the Junior Preference stocks are the most interesting, of which there have been issued £1,500,000 4 per cent. in 1889, £2,230,000 4 per cent. in 1891, and £3,100,000 5 per cent. in 1894. For 1910 the full dividend was paid on the 1889 Preference stock, against 2 per cent. for 1909; and 2 per cent. was paid on the 1891 stock, which had received nothing the previous year. For the first half of the current year the 1889 stock received its dividend at the rate of 4 per cent., (and the carry-forward was increased by £18,500 odd), so that only £30,000 will be required to complete the interest on this issue, against £60,000, which came out of the accounts of the corresponding period last year. Thus the 1891 stock is practically certain to receive its full 4 per cent. this year, and the 1894 stock seems at last to have prospects of a dividend in the near future, although the recent increases in the wages-bill must affect it acutely. The 1889 stock stands about  $83\frac{1}{2}$ , the 1891 about  $73\frac{1}{2}$ , and the 1894 at 64.

## THE FIXED SCALE OF COMMISSION.

At last, after several years of severe work and long delay, the Stock Exchange Committee have decided upon an official scale of commission, which they are recommending to their fellow-members who are brokers. The brokers have to say whether they are in favour of it or not, and the result of the referendum will be intensely interesting. Without going over all the arguments again in detail, we may epitomise the disadvantages as: (1) the likelihood of outsiders offering to do business more cheaply than the advertised scale of the Stock Exchange; (2) the possible check which a fixed scale might impose upon speculation; (3) the great difficulty that there will be in working it. On the other hand, the benefits are manifest to the Stock Exchange, if not to outsiders. One is that unfair competition among members themselves will be greatly discouraged, if not entirely eliminated; another, that a grave source of danger to the public will be removed by the exclusion of competition so keen that members of the Stock Exchange are prepared to run any risks rather than miss orders; and a third that clients will know exactly what they have to pay. Admitting that there is a good deal to be said on both sides of the question, it seems to us that the weight of argument lies in favour of those who uphold the necessity for the scheme; and it will seem a great pity if, after all the thought, care, and time expended on the consideration of the subject by the Stock Exchange Committee, the labour is wasted by the refusal of brokers to adopt the proposition.

## MEXICAN RAILWAYS.

Not so many weeks ago it seemed quite on the cards that the Mexican Railway Second Preference stock might have to go short of part of its dividend in respect of the current six months. What with the revolution and other troubles, traffics took rather an alarming dip down, and the speculative investor who held Mexican Railway Preference stocks began to get a little bit frightened as to the stability of his holding. Just lately, however, the tide has turned in his favour, and traffics are on the mend. A year ago a dividend of  $\frac{3}{4}$  (actual) per cent. was paid on the Ordinary stock for the corresponding half of the twelvemonth; and, presuming that this will get wiped out next May, it is a fair presumption also to suppose that the Second Preference stock will receive its full 6 per cent., thanks to the very substantial savings that are being effected in the expenditure account—due principally to the use of oil-fuel. These savings are on a scale almost surprisingly large; and Mexican Railway First Preference looks an excellent investment of the type that returns  $5\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. on the money, while the 6 per cent. Second Preference at 90 affords scope for, at any rate, a rise of five points or more, unless the traffics should take a sudden turn for the worse.

## FOREIGN GOVERNMENT BONDS.

Fashion, fickle as ever, is changing a good deal in regard to the Foreign Government Bonds, which until the past six months have been so extremely popular with the British investor. A whole string of circumstances seems to have conspired of late to divert money from this direction and to turn the stream into other markets. China, Japan, Italy, Brazil, Chili, and other foreign countries have had their own special troubles that have reacted upon the credit of those countries; and although the appetite for good foreign bonds is still noticeable, it is, at the same time, perfectly evident that people are not going to buy them up to the levels which were considered reasonable until quite lately. The scare about Japan has probably been overdone; but this is not to say that the bonds may not fall still further—in fact, market opinion inclines to the view that they will do so before they again become really inviting to the British investor. The revolution in China, whichever way it eventuates, is not likely to menace the security of Chinese bonds; but, notwithstanding this, it imparts a feeling of uneasiness which holds people back from investing in the many Chinese issues that exist and causes the market to wear a dull aspect. Chili has been borrowing overmuch, and Brazil is supposed to be a candidate for another big loan before long which will have a semi-official flavour. In these circumstances, the Foreign Government Bond Market has, as noted above, fallen out of fashion, but the shrewd investor who has been waiting for some such reaction as is taking place at present is not likely to lose the opportunity which the current comparatively low quotations afford.

Saturday, Dec. 9, 1911.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

AGAR.—(1) We should sell. (2) Is one of the worst Rubber wild cats. (3) A gamble pure and simple, and not a speculative investment.

H. J.—Your trustees cannot get 5 per cent. for you unless the investment clause is very wide—quite unusually so.

EAST.—Your suggestions are all highly speculative, and would not suit us.

A. E. D.—The following may do: (1) New Chilean Loan, (2) Leopoldina  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Pref., (3) Mexican Railway First Pref., (4) Central Argentine Railway Ordinary. Divide the money as nearly equally as possible, and you will get over  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

CANADA.—If the stock was our own, we should hold for 250, which, sooner or later, you will get.

AN IGNORANT WOMAN.—Both the Home Railway Debenture stocks are available for Scottish trustees, but not for English. The Welsh stock we do not care for at all; the District Debenture is a good investment.

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# WATSON'S No 10

An age-matured Whisky of conspicuous merit; full and round in flavour; soft and smooth to the palate, and of consistent purity.

Unequalled alike as a stimulant, as an exhilarant, and as an aid to conviviality. Safe, sound, and enjoyable under all conditions, Watson's No. 10 is acceptable and highly favoured wherever the foregone.

Watson's No. 10 is obtainable at all Wine Merchants and Stores; and also in most clubs, hotels, and restaurants.

# COLGATE'S

TRADE **RIBBON** MARK

## DENTAL CREAM



Your children have what you lacked—a dentifrice as delicious as it is efficient.  
*One inch twice a day keeps the teeth from decay.*

"We must look to the mothers to inaugurate preventive measures in the care of children's teeth," says a writer in a well known Dental Journal.

The twice-a-day use of the tooth brush is essential to good health. Make it easy for young and old by supplying such a pleasant-tasting dentifrice as Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Its delightful flavour makes its use a treat.

### Cleans—Preserves—Polishes

deliciously and antiseptically. It keeps your mouth in the sweet, clean, non-acid condition that protects you against decay-germs. You are never too old, nor your children too young to begin using this perfect dentifrice.

42 inches of Cream in trial tube sent free for 2d. in stamps.

COLGATE & CO., British Depot (Dept. R 1),  
46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Makers of the famous Colgate's Shaving Stick. Est. 1806.



A Few Novelties taken from

# ELKINGTONS' XMAS LIST...

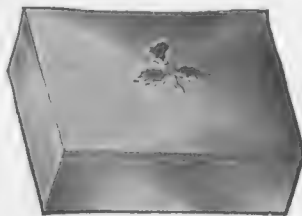
Registered Design 590797.



The "Leap Year" Calendar, finished in Oxidised Silver Plate,  
12/6 15/-  
(in case).



No. 150.  
Solid Gold Locket to take Three Photographs.  
£3 10 0



No. 29144.  
Sterling Silver Cigarette Box (for 25).  
Holly Decoration in colour,  
21/-



No. 29147.  
Sterling Silver Photo Frame.  
New Design.  
Panel, 20/- Cabinet, 15/-



No. 29011.  
Reproduction of an Antique Toasting Fork, 27 inches long, Wood Handle.  
Sterling Silver Mounts, 30/-  
Elkington Plate Mounts, 20/-

Write for Free Illustrated List of Novelties.

LONDON: 22, REGENT ST., S.W.; 73, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

BIRMINGHAM: Newhall St. LIVERPOOL: Lord St. MANCHESTER: King St. GLASGOW: Buchanan St. NEWCASTLE-on-TYNE: Northumberland St.

## *This New Perfume*

originally created for Miss Phyllis Dare, Miss Gabrielle Ray, Miss Connie Ediss, and Miss Olive May, is

## *The Ideal Present to give this Christmas*

Poinsetta has already delighted the four famous actresses whose portraits appear on this page. The united and unqualified approval of such discriminating judges gives the buyer of Christmas gifts a foreknowledge of fashion's fancy; it is an assurance that Poinsetta will delight the most critical.

The selection of a perfume as a gift is no easy matter, but the purchaser can choose with confidence where praise has been so unstinted and approval so unanimous.

Give your friends a bottle of Poinsetta this Christmas. This gift will be cherished and treasured; it will survive the mere compliments of the season, and your friends' appreciation of such an appropriate present will long outlast the gift itself.

## *Atkinson's Poinsetta Perfume*

To those who wish to make their Christmas gifts even more acceptable, we would suggest the addition of one or all of the Poinsetta specialities below.

Each Poinsetta speciality is supplied in a neat gold box. Whether it be perfume, powder or soap, ladies of taste will recognise "the Bond Street cachet of the packing."

**Poinsetta Perfume.** In three sizes—4s. 6d., 8s. 6d. and 20s. per bottle.—Toilet Powder—2s. per box. Toilet Soap—1s. per tablet. Hair Lotion—6s. per bottle. Sachets—1s. each.

*The "Poinsetta" Specialities may be obtained from all high-class Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores, or direct from the Sole Makers—*

**J. & E. ATKINSON, LTD.**  
24, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

*Perfumers by Appointment to their Majesties the King and the Queen and to Queen Alexandra.*

S.H.B. 167.





## The Marquis of Headfort

**SAYS** "The De Reszke Cigarette is of very fine flavour, and pleasant to the palate."

**I**N the highest circles—where the **BEST** alone is good enough—"De Reszke" Cigarettes are the unvarying choice. Their fine flavour, rich aroma, perfect mildness, and absolute purity have won the praise of all discriminating smokers.

Two kinds. One quality only—the best.

Tenor (Turkish): 6/3 per 100; 3/4 per 50; 1/9 per 25.

American: 5/3 per 100; 2/8 per 50; 1/4 per 25.

Obtainable wherever good Cigarettes are sold, or post free from J. Millhoff and Co., Ltd., 17, Down Street, Piccadilly, London, W.

**"De Reszke"**  
*The Aristocrat of Cigarettes*

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THE "MORGAN" CABRIO-LANDALETTE BODY - entirely closed position - on Adler Chassis.

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The Extensive Range of Models—10 h.p. to 70 h.p., and from £280 upwards—can be inspected, with latest designs in Open and Closed Bodies, at our Showrooms.

**MORGAN & CO., Ltd.,**  
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and  
10, Old Bond St., W.

188,  
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## The Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company

Useful and Acceptable Presents.

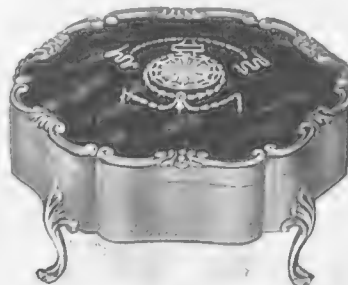
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ALEXANDER CLARK'S Latest Adjunct for the Table. WILBECK PLATE Toast Maker, 8-in. long, 6½ in. wide, with Plated Grid and Patent Atmospheric Lamp, Complete £1 1 0

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Sterling Silver and Tortoiseshell  
Trinket Box.

3½ in. across	£2	10	0
4½ in. "	3	7	6
4½ in. "	4	7	6

"The Princess" Dressing Case. Lady's Fitted Dressing Case of a most convenient size. 16 in. long by 12 in. wide by 7 in. deep. Made of finest polished Morocco leather, lined with pure Watered Moiré Silk; SIX Sterling Silver Mounted Toilet Bottles, Solid Silver-backed Hair and Clothes Brushes, Polished Leather Fittings, with Stylo Pen. In any shade of colour. £11 5 0  
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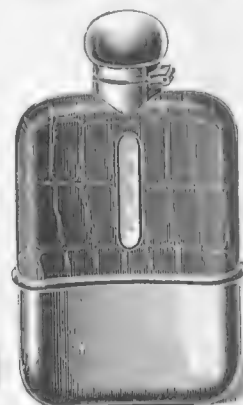
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Holder Flask, with Safety Bayonet Top and Drinking Cup in Leather Case.  
Sterling Silver Mounted, £2 10 0  
WELBECK PLATE 1 7 8



Sterling Silver Mounted  
Individual Whisky Bottle,  
4/6



Crocodile Skin covered Travelling  
Flask with Silver Bayonet Action  
Top, and Heavy Solid Silver Cup.  
Capacity: Half-pint. £1 17 6

Selections willingly  
Sent on Approval,  
Carriage Paid,  
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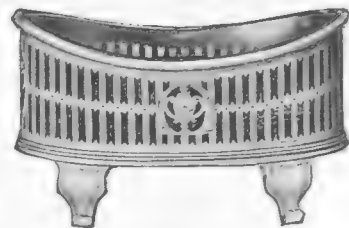
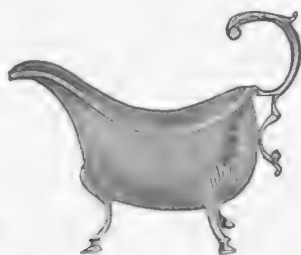
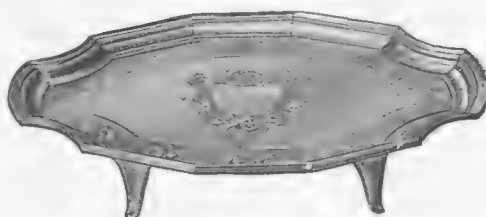
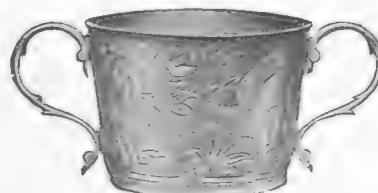
# THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company

With which is incorporated the Goldsmiths' Alliance, Ltd. (A. B. Savory &amp; Sons), Established 1751.

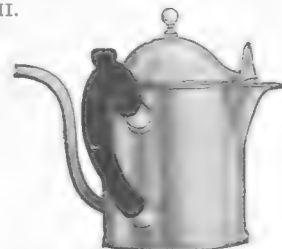
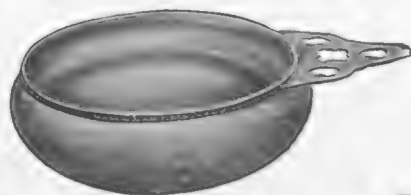
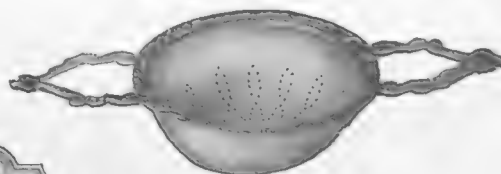
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Famous the World over for  
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## GIFTS OF VALUE & INTEREST

Solid Silver Oval Mustard Pot,  
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Period, George III.  
£3 7 6Solid Silver "Seal-  
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Spoon Period, Eliza-  
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Pepper Pot.  
Period, George I.  
£1 0 0 each.Solid Silver Oval Salt Cellar, pierced and  
engraved, blue glass lining.  
Period, George III.  
£2 0 0Solid Silver Sauce Boat.  
Period, George II.  
£2 15 0Solid Silver Beautifully Engraved Tea Pot Stand.  
Period, George III.  
£2 17 6Solid Silver Flat Chased Bowl.  
Period, Charles II.  
£4 0 0Solid Silver Hot Milk Jug,  
holding 2-pint. Period, George II.  
£3 15 0  
Coffee Pot to match  
£3 15 0Solid Silver Sugar Caster.  
Period, George I.  
Height 7 in. ... £1 15 0  
" 9 in. ... £3 0 0

### INTERESTING AND USEFUL XMAS GIFTS REPRODUCTIONS OF THE ANTIQUE. Made by Hand throughout

AND OF THE FINEST  
WORKMANSHIP & FINISH.Solid Silver Richly Chased and Pierced Dessert  
Dish. Period, George III. Irish Potato Ring.  
Top-Dish Diameter 8½ inches ... £6 0 0  
Dish Ring, with blue glass lining  
Diameter at top 6½ inches ... £4 5 0  
Complete £10 5 0Solid Silver Sugar or  
Sweetmeat Tongs.  
Period, George I.  
10/-Solid Silver Argyll or Gravy Pot  
with Hot Water Division.  
Period, George II.  
£7 0 0Solid Silver Tankard. Capacity  
1 pint. Period, Queen Anne.  
£5 5 0Solid Silver Bowl with pierced  
Handle. Useful as Porringer  
or Sweetmeat Dish.  
Period, Charles II.  
£2 15 0  
Larger size, £3 5 0Solid Silver Brandy or Hot Milk Saucepan  
with Lamp. Period, Queen Anne.  
£5 5 0Solid Silver Tea Strainer  
with Ornamental Border  
Period, George III.  
18/6Solid Silver Cream Jug.  
Period, George III. Two Sizes.  
£1 5 0 and £2 0 0ILLUSTRATED  
NOVELTY LIST  
POST FREE.Solid Silver Waiters. Period, Queen Anne.  
Diameter 8 inches ... £4 5 0  
" 10 inches ... £7 0 0  
" 12 inches ... £10 0 0SELECTIONS ON  
APPROVAL  
CARRIAGE PAID.Solid Silver Child's Cup  
To hold ½ pint.  
Period, Commonwealth  
£3 0 0 in Case.

THE PUBLIC SUPPLIED DIRECT AT MANUFACTURERS' CASH PRICES.

112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.



# Winter WEATHER DANGERS

## Coughs, Colds, & Bronchitis.

COLD, damp, or fog will find the "weak spot" even in the robust, and maybe lay the seeds of serious chest-weakness. On the first appearance of a sharp pain in the chest, soreness in the throat, difficulty in breathing, or when you begin to be troubled with an irritating cough, take a few Peps.

The medicinal fumes of Peps, which are breathed into the throat and chest, possess a wonderful germicidal property. They destroy the "cold-germs" which are lodging in the tissues of the throat and bronchi (beyond the reach of liquid medicine). Inflammation of the lung membranes, set up by sudden chill, is speedily allayed, and Peps also help Nature to repair the injury wrought by incessant coughing and sneezing. A few Peps tablets afford splendid protection for the chest on a bleak day.

Peps owe their great success to the novel method of bringing the rich, air-like medicine given off by the Peps tablets into direct contact with the inflamed membranes of throat, chest, and lungs.

# Peps

THE NOVEL BREATHE-ABLE REMEDY.

## A CURIOUS DISCOVERY

### RAZOR Y.S.C. DE LUXE.

THE inventor of the Y.S.C. Razor made the curious discovery that, if a thin, flexible blade is stretched taut like the string of a bow, it greatly increases the cutting efficiency of the edge. Incidental to this discovery, which had such remarkable results, is the now famous Y.S.C. Razor, which has carried with it various other improvements.

First and foremost, it did away with clamping plates, and the consequent messy taking to pieces and wiping separately each part after use.

It enabled a *much smaller* and compact razor to be made. The blade of the Y.S.C. is only  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide, i.e., about one-third the size of any other safety razor blade.

It made possible a *perfect system of adjustment* to suit any beard, and lastly, it enabled the hollows under the chin to be shaved as easily and as close as the rest of the face.

If you have a *hard beard and tender skin*, write at once to the Yorkshire Steel Co., Ltd., for the illustrated book of the razor, free by post, which explains why the Y.S.C. razor requires no wiping, drying, taking apart or stropping after use.

"Why have I cut myself?" is a question you sometimes ask yourself after shaving with a safety razor. You CANNOT cut yourself with the Y.S.C. Safety Razor, because the blade is always parallel to the guard, whatever the adjustment.

#### REMEMBER THE POINTS:

- (1) No wiping, taking apart or stropping—the Y.S.C. dries itself.
- (2) A scientific system of adjustment to suit any beard, which, once set, need never be touched again.
- (3) A velvet shave, due to the end tension on the blade.
- (4) As clean a shave in the hollows as elsewhere.
- (5) A smaller and more compact razor than any other.

Why are so many busy men, Soldiers, Sailors, Barristers, Stockbrokers, Clergymen, etc., discarding their old-fashioned safety razors, and using the Y.S.C. Razor? *Because* they are tired of uncomfortable shaves. *Because* they are sick and tired of having to take the razor to pieces every day and wipe each part separately and put together again. Write for the Y.S.C. "Book of the Razor" and you will learn how all these bothers are done away with.

Type "A." Silver-plated,  
in Pigskin Case, with  
10 Blades.

21/-



Type "B." Fluted Handle,  
in Russia Leather Case,  
with 10 Blades.

31/6

Extra blades, per packet  
of ten, 2 6

YORKSHIRE STEEL CO., Ltd., 30a, Holborn, London, E.C.  
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Established over  
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Real Pearls and  
Diamonds,  
£3 18 0



Real Pearls and Diamonds,  
set in platinum,  
£7 10 0

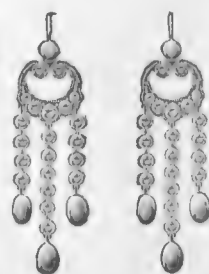
Screw fittings  
supplied  
for unpierced ears.



Diamonds and Pearls,  
£30 0 0



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Fine Pearls and Diamonds  
set in platinum,  
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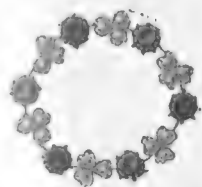
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# Stewart Dawson & Company LTD.

73, 75, 77, 79, 81, REGENT STREET, W.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS



Amethyst, Obsidian, and Pearl Brooch, 15-ct. setting,  
£1 0 0



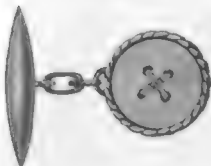
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£3 2 6  
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Other Stones in Stock.



Pearl and Pink Tourmaline Pendant,  
18/6  
Turquoise or Peridot same price.



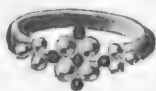
Gold and Mother-of-Pearl Platinum Fronts,  
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A Large Assortment of Gold Links in Stock from 10s. upwards.



Fine Diamond and Pearl Negligé, Platinum Setting, and Chain,  
£7 5 0



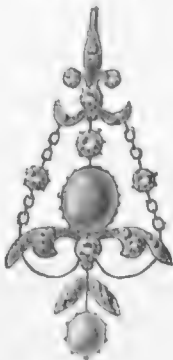
Fine Diamond Brooch, Platinum Setting,  
£5 5 0



Pearls with Ruby or Sapphire Points, 18-ct. Gold,  
£2 15 0



Diamond and Whole Pearl Fancy Cross-over, 18-ct. Gold,  
£8 10 0



Fine Diamond and Turquoise Pendant,  
£7 12 6  
Opals same price.



Fine Diamond Brooch, Platinum Setting,  
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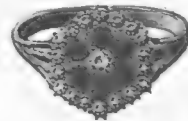
Fine Specimen Aquamarine and Diamond Necklet, Platinum Setting and Chain,  
£14 10 0



Fine Diamond and Whole Pearl Brooch, Platinum Set,  
£3 10 0



Opal, Olivine, and Diamond Cluster, 18-ct. Gold,  
£2 17 6



Diamonds and Sapphires or Rubies, 18-ct. Setting,  
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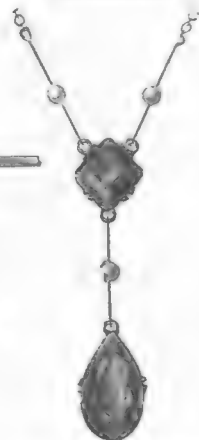
Fine Diamond and Whole Pearl Negligé, Platinum Setting, with Platinum Necklet,  
£7 10 0



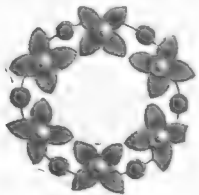
Fine Diamond and Whole Pearl Circle Brooch,  
£4 2 6



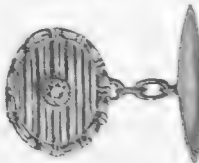
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£2 10 0 per pair.  
Charming Variety of Other Patterns in Stock from 15s. upwards.



Garnet and Pearl Negligé Necklet,  
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Other Stones in Stock.



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Many Similar Patterns at 20/-, 25/-, 27/6, 30/- to 50/-



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In Buying your Xmas and New Year Presents from Stewart Dawson and Company you obtain greater choice and far more valuable gifts for the same expenditure than is possible elsewhere. Inspection and Comparison Invited.



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£1 2 6



Fine Pearl and Peridot Brooch,  
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Illustrated Xmas Gift Book Free



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Fine Pearl and Peridot Brooch, in 15-ct. Gold, £1 12 6

"25 to 50 per cent. below usual prices."—  
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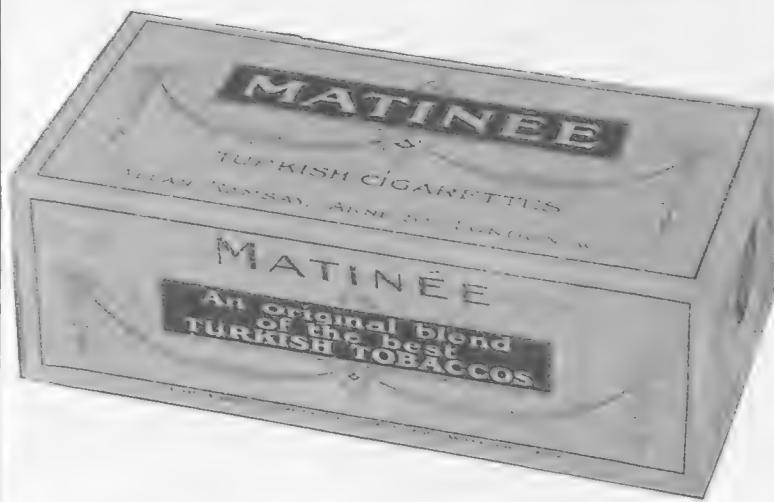
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"Price represents actual worth."—  
Evening Standard.

The most pleasant  
MORNING SMOKE  
and equally a delight  
at Noon and Night.



The Hall Mark of  
Cigarette Perfection.



Size	Per 100	50	25
1	8/-	4/-	2/-
3	6/-	3/-	1/6

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Of all High-class Tobacconists in the Kingdom.

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Fraser's purchase every description of Old  
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Rings, Brooches, Pendants, Necklaces, Trinkets, Pearls,  
Diamonds, Precious Stones, Broken Gold or Silver,  
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Very substantial prices are offered for exceptionally fine specimens.  
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Diamond Merchants,

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## Four Days Only

is the time taken to clean and renovate dresses,  
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Achille Serre's charges are moderate and their  
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Well-appointed Residential Hotel, standing high on gravel soil, amid beautiful surroundings. Ideal place for rest and quietude.

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By Royal Appointment

**Robinson & Cleaver's  
HANDKERCHIEFS  
for Gifts**

The illustration represents a few from the large variety we stock. Our List and Samples—post free—will help your selection. May we send them?

No. 922.—Ladies' Fine Linen Embroidered Handkerchiefs, about 13 ins. square. Per doz. **31/-**

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Orders of 20s. upwards Carriage Paid.

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### The "Adapta" Table.

(Patented.)

Can be instantly raised, lowered, reversed, or inclined either way. It extends over bed, couch, or chair, without touching it, and is the ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed. Change of position is effected by simply pressing the patent push button. The height of Table can be adjusted at any point from 28 in. to 43 in. from floor. The top is 27 in. long by 18 in. wide, and is always in alignment with the base. It cannot overbalance. The "Adapta" Table is instantly adjustable to various convenient uses, such as Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed Rest, Sewing or Work Table, Music Stand, Easel, Card Table, &c.

**PRICES.**

No. 1.—Enamelled Metal Parts, with Stained Oak Top **£1 7 6**

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There are gifts which weary and grow tiresome. There are gifts which have no novelty. But the Christmas gift which will carry ever-increasing pleasure and happiness with it is the incomparable

# KINORA—A Picture-Palace at Home

It surpasses every other gift because the pleasure which it gives is inexhaustible. The Kinora Motion Pictures which go with it can be added to indefinitely, by means of the

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with 7 beautiful Living  
Pictures, with Case and  
Packing, £2 2 0



Not only Public and Sporting Events, Racing and Athletic Scenes, Story Pictures, Enchanting Animal Studies, and Motion Portraits of Famous Beauties and Celebrities are available, but

### MOTION PORTRAITS OF THE GIVER

can be included, and motion portraits of the recipient can be added later.

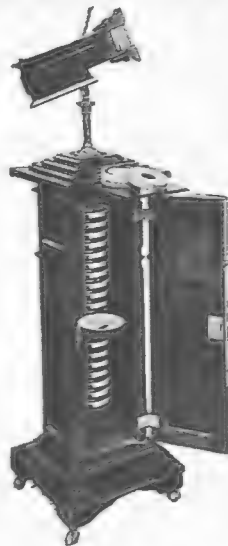
A Kinora and 7 pictures can be given for £2 2s. od.; a clockwork Kinora and 12 pictures for £7 4s.; the richest model Kinora, on handsome pedestal-cabinet, with 22 pictures, for £19 19s. od. Additional pictures, 3s. 6d. each. Motion Portraits taken at the Kinora Studio, £2 2s.

**Do not choose "your Christmas Presents until you have seen the Kinora, or sent for the beautiful illustrated "Golden Book" - - - of Motion Photography."**

The Kinora is on view at, and appointments for sittings can be booked with, Messrs. Hamleys, 200-202, Regent St., W. 1; 12, Oxford St., W.; 80-82, High Holborn, W.C., and branches; also at the principal London Stores, Musical Instrument and Photographic Dealers, and Fancy and General Stores in all the large towns are also stocking.

**BOND'S, LTD.,**

138, New Bond Street, London, W.



**Model No. 1.**

This Kinora is operated by clockwork, is made of mahogany, and can be used by three people at once. It is mounted on an inlaid mahogany pedestal-cabinet. Price, with 22 Kinora Motion Pictures, with Case and Packing, £19 19 0

# FLOR DE DINDIGUL CIGARS

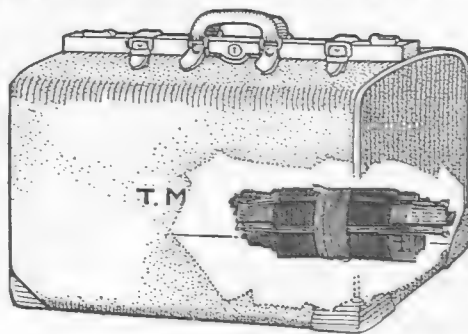
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH FATHER CHRISTMAS?

HE'S ALL RIGHT!



Copyright. COMBINES RICHNESS OF FLAVOUR WITH MILDNESS. A CIGAR WITHOUT A STING. Ideal for Xmas Presentation.

## A Useful Christmas Present.



### THE "TRAVELLER" TROUSERS STRETCHER & PRESS.

Weights but 1½ lb., and takes no more room in a bag than a pair of boots.

Patent No. 22640 and in U.S.A.

**10/6**

Carriage Paid in U.K.

THIS Press will keep trousers in perfect shape just as well as the cumbersome Wooden Press—and when a man Travels, he can slip it in his bag to insure his good appearance whilst away from home.

Even if Three Pairs of Trousers be inserted the result is perfectly satisfactory. It is the only Press properly fitted for All-round use—Home or Travel.

Full particulars on application.

**T.M. Lewin, 18 Jermyn St. LONDON, W.**

W. E. S.

FLOR DE DINDIGUL, No. 2, 3d. each (5 for 1/1), 10/3 per box of 50. EXTRA, extra choice, 4d. each, 15/- per box of 50. GRANDS (a long cigar in silver paper), 11/- per box of 25. Of over 500 tobacconists, or post free of the Importer, DEWLEY, 49, Strand, London. Established 131 years. Send for Dewley's comprehensive catalogue for smokers of taste, gratis, and post free.

## THE WHEEL AND WING.

(Continued.)

**"Motoring Made Easier"**

I have, unfortunately, hitherto omitted reference to a publication by the Royal Automobile Club, entitled "Motoring Made Easier," which I would heartily recommend to the attention of every motorist or motor-cyclist who is not a member of the Club, a member of an associated club, or an individual associate member. The matter of the work notwithstanding, the production is interesting from cover to cover, and is profusely and artistically illustrated. In the preface attention is drawn to the fact that in 1908 the R.A.C. embarked upon a democratic scheme intended to appeal to "all classes of motorists," and since the inauguration of that scheme the representative membership of the Club has risen from 3000 to over 25,000 automobilists. As a direct consequence, the benefits offered have increased in proportion. For instance, there is "Free Legal Defence," whereby the members are saved much time, money, and inconvenience, and in cases of interest, possibly, financial help.

**Godalming Kicks at Last.**

It is gratifying to learn that the Godalming tradesmen have kicked at last. An association has been formed in that town for the protection of traders, and the other day they passed a resolution strongly disapproving of the existing speed-limit generally and the manner in which it has been administered by the local police in particular. The boycotting of the town by motorists generally on account of the unsportsmanlike manner in which the police-traps within the limit are arranged has apparently resulted in so great a loss of custom to the local tradesmen that an application to the Local Government Board for a reconsideration of the extent of the limit is seriously contemplated. Even in the long, narrow High Street of Godalming the reduction of the speed of a motor-car to ten miles an hour is an absurdity, for if one keeps rigidly to that speed per speedometer, the local traffic, in the shape of grocers' and butchers' carts, to say nothing of private carriages, drives past hand over fist. Twelve or even fifteen miles per hour is absolutely safe for an automobile there, while no limit should ever have been imposed for over a quarter of a mile at each end of the present limit.

**The L.G.B. and Cut-Outs.**

The Local Government Board are losing no time in going into the question of cut-outs. The Board has, very properly, begun investigation with motor-cycles, as cut-outs on these popular little machines, particularly when the engine is at all powerful, are most distressing. The car cut-out is admittedly bad enough, but when it

is used on a motor-cycle the effect more resembles the reports of a Maxim than anything else. Moreover, the riders of motor-cycles are for the most part young, consequently thoughtless, and make use of their cut-outs more often than is at all necessary. The *Motor Cycle* refers at length to the visit of a Local Government Board representative to the well-known works of Messrs. Rudge-Whitworth and Co. at Coventry, where some interesting silencer demonstrations were afforded him. The L.G.B. official assured the Rudge-Whitworth Company that the Board had no desire to do anything which would hamper a new and growing industry.

**'Ware Shoreham at Night.**

In this country we do undoubtedly suffer from what may be termed piecemeal government. In one county it is compulsory for all horse-drawn vehicles to carry lights, while just across the boundary-line all lights may be doused if the driver so desires. The manner in which the Local Government Board regulations are applied or not applied by local authorities is nothing short of ludicrous. This particularly obtains in some localities with regard to motor-cars, which Bumbledom in brief authority still holds in detestation. Take the case of Shoreham, in Sussex. According to the communication of the A.A., the L.G.B. regulations regarding front motor-car lamps are to be rigorously enforced in whatever area the ædiles of Shoreham control. These regulations insist upon the off-side front lamp being placed in line with the extreme edge of the car. Now there is not one car in a thousand—or I might say in ten thousand—that has its offside lamp-bracket so fitted as to comply with the letter of this regulation, which applies to no other class of vehicle using the roads. The promulgation of this edict is a bit of sheer motorphobia.

**France Awakening.**

France has really decided to wake up in the matter of automobilism, though I fear she will find the leeway she has lost difficult to make up. But a Motor Exhibition in the Grand Palais in 1912 is definitely resolved upon, and this time it would appear as though the Minister of Commerce would take the matter out of the hands of the several conflicting and apparently irreconcilable parties. Next year is also to be remarkable across the Channel for the two Grand Prix races to which I referred a week or two ago, and also for strenuous Reliability Trials for small cars and voiturettes. In the face of this renaissance of French activity, let us hope that our people will reconsider their regrettable opposition to a race in the Isle of Man and the Scottish Reliability Trials, which all motorists would like to see re-established. Also the coming Paris Show should surely quench the yearning of some of our short-sighted manufacturers for the disappearance of the annual exhibition at Olympia.



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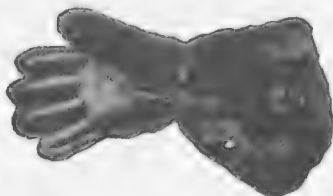
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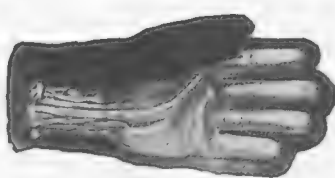
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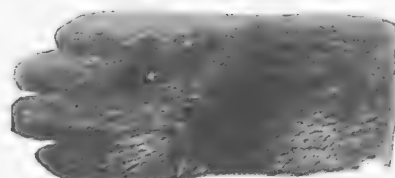
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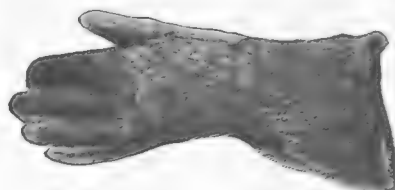
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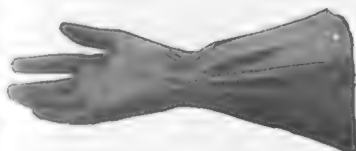
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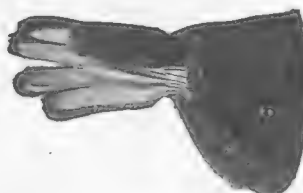
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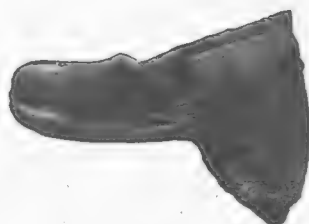
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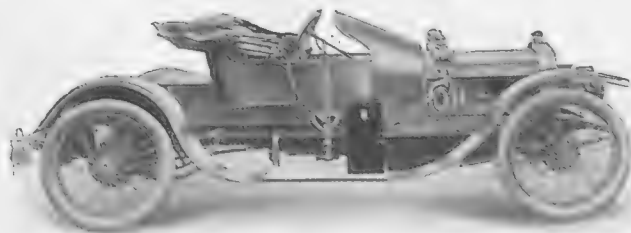
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## WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## The Duologue at Dinner.

One of the most salient characteristics of modern social life is the vogue of the duologue at dinners. For the most brilliant people in London no longer care to pose as "good talkers," and to make conversation for the table. This attitude is justly voted old-fashioned, and it is rare indeed, except in the case of a few veterans of the festive board, to find anyone assuming it. We all know them—these elderly gentlemen who insist on telling humorous anecdotes to the entire company, and who love to narrate to us the details of interviews between Mr. Gladstone and Queen Victoria; yet year by year even these remnants of the "Old Guard" are dying out, and there is no man bold enough to take their place. It was once counted almost among the liberal professions, that of the Diner-Out, yet now it has fallen into a singular disesteem. A witty friend remarked to me the other day that "everyone, nowadays, is expected to sit and whisper to his partner at dinner, with an occasional remark, thrown like a bone, to the lady on his other side." Conversation which can be described as "general" is almost unknown, and that is why, when one finds oneself at a French, Austrian, or American dinner-table, the give and take, the contribution to the talk from every side seems strange to a guest from a country where we sit and mumble to each other about motor-cars or similarly threadbare topics. Even at the thousand-and-one dining clubs of London, so striking a feature of modern social life, the talk is not "general," and it is almost hopeless to try and make it so.

## The New Camaraderie.

That marriage has the effect of humanising the young man, of making him less fatuous and selfish, has long been known to women-folk, but now we have it on the authority of the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge that by entering into wedlock (awful and ominous word!) a man becomes "a better social animal, losing his shyness before women, his cynicism, and his want of expansiveness." All this is helped, as Mr. Coleridge points out, because we have introduced friendship into marriage—one of the considerable achievements of modern times—and, instead of "domesticating the Recording Angel," which was what marriage meant in the mid-Victorian period, we have succeeded in developing an amazing camaraderie between husbands and wives. This comradeship reveals itself in a hundred details—by the way in which married persons tease each other instead of using acid endearments such as "my love," their increased toleration for each other's tastes and their sharing in each other's sports and amusements, their general reasonableness, and their mutual loyalty. Mr. Coleridge, indeed, maintains that the

decrease in lifelong and exaggerated friendships between men—which are nowadays hardly to be found—is due to the fact that Man is at last aware that he can find an uncommonly good friend in Woman, even in the person of his own wife.

## Grumblers All.

It is quite amazing how the habit of grumbling has taken hold of all grades of the community, especially of the middle and upper classes. I do not think the poor, strangely enough, "grouse" nearly so much as their "betters." Having been accustomed to the meagrest existence, they do not see any particular change in their manner of life, nor, it must be owned, do they feel the burden of all the new taxation which has fallen on the bourgeoisie during the two Liberal Administrations, and which is at present disturbing the equanimity of every well-to-do household in these islands. No doubt, these new Socialistic experiments are annoying to the victims, who, however, are not slow in denouncing the empirical nature of the methods employed in "squeezing money." It is a curious situation, and one not without its humorous side, for everywhere you go you see persons in fur-lined overcoats and exquisite jewellery loudly deploring their straitened means and the odious nature of the new taxes. Years hence, when nobody has more than three pounds a week, and everyone is dressed in drab, and lives a drab, unambitious existence, when there is no poetry, no art, and no adventure, folks will look back to these as halcyon days, and will wonder why we "fashed ourselves" when life was so varied, so rich, and so inspiring.

## The One who is Afraid.

It is a strange thing that members of the stronger and so-called "sterner" sex, are, as a rule, much more frightened, perplexed, and mystified by women-folk than women are by them. Never does the Spindle Side suggest that it does not "understand" men; on the contrary, it prides itself on its adaptability, its complete capability of "managing" masculine persons of whatever age or size. It is tolerably certain that men, as a whole, are much more naïve, so that when they are not cynical or coarse in their attitude towards their feminine contemporaries, they are easily "bluffed," cajoled, or persuaded. There are persons who maintain that this ascendancy of John Knox's "monstrous regiment of women" is due, in a large degree, to the changing, baffling, complicated aspect of their clothes. Were they dressed, it is alleged, always in plain homespun, they would neither allure nor intimidate, and their specious arguments could be more easily refuted. Naturally enough, even the most modern woman is reluctant to abandon so lethal a weapon, so that we perceive the most intellectual women interested in changing waist-lines and gorgeous in purple and fine linen.

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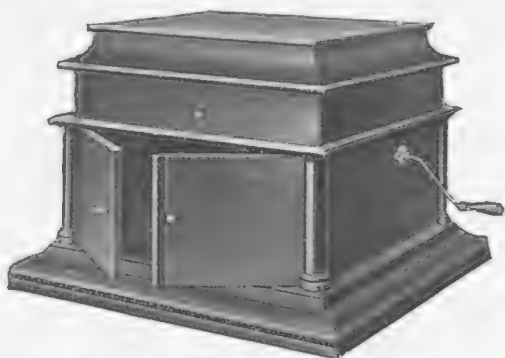
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**Mahogany - £9 9s.**

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In appearance, this remarkable new instrument is a covered cabinet of beautifully polished wood. In this cabinet is enclosed the whole of the mechanism and a full-size amplifying tone-chamber. In previous attempts of this character it has been a point of criticism that the tone and volume of music yielded by the cabinet instrument is not so full as the horn type. This cannot be said of the Columbia Grafonola, the musical reproduction of which is well expressed in the statement that it gives “the open tone that surprises.” It plays all records and plays them better than any instrument of similar construction.

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## THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

IN the country, attacks upon the balance of nature are of regular occurrence, and those who cater for the sportsman, the farmer, the market gardener and the rest do so with a fine contempt for Nature and her intentions. They are concerned with nothing more than immediate results in a certain direction. Everybody knows how the gamekeeper with his all too ready shot-gun and his traps—some of them illegal—helps several kinds of four-footed vermin to thrive. But it is a mistake to think that the gamekeeper is the only offender. There is at least some reason to believe that the fruit-grower who sprays his trees with an acrid solution in which arsenic has a part to play may be responsible, in some parts of the country, at any rate, for the mortality among the bees. Some hold that it is the farmer and not the fruit-grower who ravages the hives, by spraying his crops, or to be more exact, spraying the weeds. The whole point is under consideration of experts who do not find their task a simple one, and contradict each other as only experts can.

This interference with the balance of nature came home to me with unmistakable force a week or so ago, when I was told that my pigeons were beginning to droop and die in an unaccountable way. Careful examination revealed the fact that they were poisoned, and that the poison came from newly-sown wheat, which had apparently been dressed with something noxious in order to keep its many foes at bay or, at least, to make them sorry they interfered. It is well-nigh impossible to keep pigeons from straying. You may feed them three times a day, if you like, and they will still go afield and pick up what they may. There is no choice between cooping them up and leaving them to take their chance. It is very rough on the pigeons, and, knowing that they are not in proper condition, they are, of course, left severely alone, and are not required to send any tribute to the table. But I asked myself, rather uneasily, whether the general public is free from danger in this regard. There are many men whose rule in life is to send to market any bird or beast that begins to look a little off colour, or ceases to take its food well. You may even hear the unsophisticated countryman remarking that something is wrong with cow, sheep, pig, poultry, or horse, and that consequently he must get rid of them without delay. He is not conscious of committing any anti-social act, he is merely anxious to avoid all risk and to save the expense of a visit from the veterinary surgeon. He knows that in three cases out of four the "vet." will not save the situation, while the "vet." himself knows that he is seldom called in until the case is hopeless, so that the farmer's economy is of the most expensive kind imaginable. As far as beasts are concerned, there is some

considerable measure of protection for the consumer. But in the case of birds, particularly if they be pigeons, it is hard to say where the protection comes in. The pigeons that died on my premises were not discoloured in any way, they did not seem to be wasted, for the action of the poison must have been fairly rapid. Plucked and drawn, properly trussed, and attractively displayed, they would doubtless have found a market. Such a possibility strikes one as being extremely unpleasant.

Last year there was considerable mortality among the wood-pigeons that come to this country in vast flocks during the autumn and return to more northerly breeding-grounds in the spring. There is every reason to believe that our modern methods of spraying and seed-washing had at least something to do with the trouble that beset these birds; but they were shot and eaten in all parts of England.

It would seem as though Mother Earth is beginning to feel the effect of the movement towards speedy cures and prompt developments. Mankind has felt this movement for many years; but patent remedies may be relied upon to hold no actively poisonous ingredients in excess, while the earth is compelled to accept whatever is put into her, and if it be a crude poison the only protest she can make is by transferring the poison, directly or indirectly, to her temporary masters. There is an endless cycle of events. If man poisons the land, the land will poison something the man eats, and this something will poison the man. But Nature, not being greatly concerned to mete out the punishment to the individual offender, but merely to the species, may inflict it upon some altogether harmless person who has not recognised the strength of the simple farmer's creed, which teaches him to sell anything that is ailing as quickly as he can. The towns are less well informed than the country in this regard. There is, in this connection, a story that will bear repetition here, for it is not too widely known. An agricultural labourer applied to a farmer for a berth, and was asked why he had left his last place. "It's like this," he replied; "six months ago one of the pigs took sick and died, and the master gave it to us to eat. And three months ago the old cow died, and master gave us that to eat; and last week the master's old mother died—so I came away."

The truth is that, while the old habit of marketing everything that may be regarded as marketable remains, the number of things that are not above suspicion tends ever to increase, because there is no limit to man's experiments. The time will come when we shall hesitate to take it for granted that he is a good man who has induced two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before. We shall ask ourselves what steps he took to bring that growth about.

MARK OVER.

## The Medical Press and the Remarkable Experiments with BOVRIL on men and animals.

"The results were simply startling."—*Medical Times.*

The report on the nutritive value of Bovril read before the Annual Meeting of the British Medical Association is attracting wide attention in the medical profession.

The "British Medical Journal" of September 16 devoted some six pages to a detailed account of the recent experiments, in which it was shown that in the case of human beings the body-building power of Bovril was "even more marked" than had been previously shown in the experiments with animals. A further article has just appeared in the "Medical Times," and the following extracts are of universal interest. The "Medical Times" first points out that the experiments were originally conducted "with the object of ascertaining whether a certain beef extract (Bovril)

supplied to the Government had any nutritive value or not. The results were simply startling."

"It was found that in all cases the administration of the extract (Bovril) caused an immediate increase of weight."

"In subject C (human) it was found after the use of 10 grams of Bovril the mean increase of weight was 129 grams, whilst in subject S (human) the mean increase after the use of 10 grams of the same extract was no less than 216 grams. In each series of experiments on the dogs it was found that the actual increase in weight varied from ten to twenty times the weight of the dry solids added in the shape of the extract to the food, whilst in the human experiments the increase was even more marked."

One important point brought out by these experiments is the fact that this increase in weight is in tissue and muscle, and not merely fat, showing that Bovril must therefore be regarded as a true nutrient, and an essential part of the diet of every man, woman and child.

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10 grams of Bovril were used in each case.

Two examples, the figures being taken from the table published in the "British Medical Journal."

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Subject S.	84.032	84.248	216	0.920
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**Body-building power proved to be from 10 to 20 times amount taken.**

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—CHAP. XXXI



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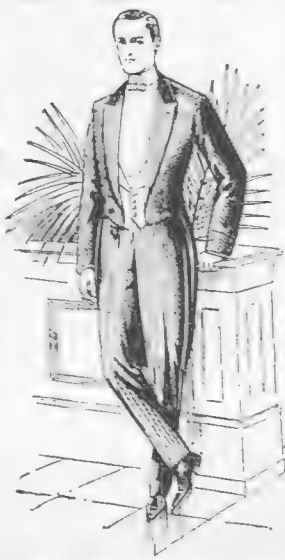
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Very elegant design large Axminster bordered carpet, about 11ft. 6in. wide and 12ft. long, £8 15s.; the costly Chesterfield silk suite, a design rarely seen, very magnificent, £26 5s.; four gilt Louis XIV. occasional chairs, at £1 7s. 6d.; Louis XIV. style cabinet, about 8ft. 6in. high (a perfect work of art worth over treble), £10 10s.; overmantel to match, £4 4s.; centre table to match, £3 15s.; Medieval model upright grand piano, by Stanley Brinsmead, with every possible up-to-date improvement, scarcely soiled, £18 18s.; the satinwood decorated china cabinet, 4ft. 6in. wide, £14 14s.; satinwood decorated centre table, £2 10s.; satinwood decorated overmantel, £3 10s.; costly satinwood decorated suite, covered choice brocade gobelin blue silk, £13 15s.; Louis XV. design all brass fender suite, £8 15s.; pair of Louis XV. carved and gilt settees, covering of Parisian broche silk, at £9 5s.; pair of Louis XV. carved and gilt fauteuils, at £4 10s.; six Louis XV. occasional chairs to match, £2 5s.; two Louis XV. gilt Bergere chairs, carved with foliage, at £12 12s.

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## PERSIA AND THE PERSIANS.

WITH the advance of a Russian force upon Teheran, in consequence of the rejection by Persia of the Tsar's ultimatum, another brand is added to the pile upon which the substance of Oriental tradition has during the last year or two been burning. Persia, which once contended on equal terms with Rome, which repeatedly defeated Roman armies, and took a Roman emperor captive, is now intrinsically a negligible quantity, with an area of 628,000 square miles, and a population only equal to that of Canada, with a Greater Birmingham thrown in. It is divided, politically, into three divisions (1) British sphere, 137,000 square miles; (2) Russian sphere, 305,000 square miles; (3) Neutral, or Persia for the Persians, sphere, 188,000 square miles. And over all is an American citizen, Mr. Morgan Shuster, playing dictator, and hurling oratorical thunderbolts at both Contracting Parties.

**Pipes and Postures.** The beginning of the end, so far as the old order is concerned, came for Persia with a change of physical posture. The Persian had previously had to appear recumbent in the presence of the Shah—"upon the knee" did not suffice. Then the ex-Shah granted a Parliament, and Persians began to deliberate, no longer lying on their faces, but squatting, like Lancashire colliers. The Parliament bought a family mansion, and called it Dar ush Shuara-i-Milli-Iran, the Place of the Counsellors of the People. And, elected or not, the law-givers trotted into their chamber, each man carrying his own hubble-bubble; and there they sat upon the floor, and smoked and talked, and dreamed of a new heaven and a new earth. There were some flies in amber in that Parliament. The original decree allowed Teheran 32 members, but there were 52 representatives of the capital somehow squeezed into the deliberative chamber, sitting and smoking, talking and voting. There was no provision for the representation of Zinjan, but a gentleman in a turban, with a hubble-bubble in his hand, turned up, and for all the attempts to eject him, he sat for Zinjan. So this strangest of national assemblies sat and smoked and legislated, until the ex-Shah altered his mind, summoned his artillery, battered their house about his Parliament's ears, then fled and abdicated, and left a ten-year-old boy upon the throne as King of Kings.

**An Analogy from the Harem.** The Persian, when he wishes to make a point, whether in diplomacy or ordinary conversation, has a habit, in common with other Orientals, of telling an anecdote. One such which does good service in Persia in situations such as that in which the deposed Shah has placed himself, concerns a new way of settling an old problem. A certain

Persian married a daughter of one of his wealthiest patrons. The lady, although a beauty, possessed a shrewish temper, and the bridegroom's friends awaited results with interest and amusement. But the bridegroom made no sign, nor uttered lamentation; nay, he seemed happy and contented with his lot. So a friend asked how he managed to live in apparent amity with a notorious shrew. M. de Lorey has told us the answer. "Nothing simpler. On the night of my marriage, I put on my uniform, and walked, sword in hand, into my wife's apartment. She received me with supercilious disdain, and made a show of playing with the cat. I quietly picked up the cat and cut off his head with my sword, and threw head and body out of the window. My wife was amazed but did not show it, and in a few moments she broke into a smile, and ever since she has been the most charming of brides." The friend, who was a henpecked husband, went home, and that very night entered the harem, seized the favourite cat and decapitated it with his sword. But his wife flew at him, scratched his face, tore out his hair, and pummelled him till he was black and blue. "I know that story," she said, "but you're too late. It was on the first night that you should have done this." Persians say that if his Parliament was a shrew the Shah should have tamed it the day that it met.

### The Break-up of Persia.

The ex-Shah, when he fled, forfeited all right to his kingdom. In days when the immutable laws—since become terribly mutable—of the Medes and Persians were enacted, it was decreed that the Shah-in-Shah must never take his feet off the sacred soil of Persia. The Oriental mind had to find a way round, for we have seen Shahs of Persia in England, one of whom came sailing over with a load of wives, when Queen Victoria distinctly did not want him. But he had not taken his feet off the sacred soil of Persia. We owe the explanation of the trick to none other than King George, who solved it in Japan. He found there a site in a temple strewn with fresh soil, so that, standing on the soil, the Mikado could worship without having broken the law as to his keeping his feet fixed to certain quarters. "And that reminds us," the then Prince recorded in the diary which he and his brother, the late Duke of Clarence, kept. "That reminds us of the way in which the Shah of Persia was said, when travelling in Europe, to wear boots between the soles of which he carried some of the soil of Persia, so that in all his wanderings his Majesty never had his feet off the sacred soil of his own dominions." One can imagine how the humour of the trick appealed to the jolly sailor Prince who wrote that entry. And we may take it that the deposed Shah—whom Russia may restore—has a chunk of Persian loam in his boots. He has broken up Persia and carried away a soleful or so with him, and some day he may go back to reclaim the rest.



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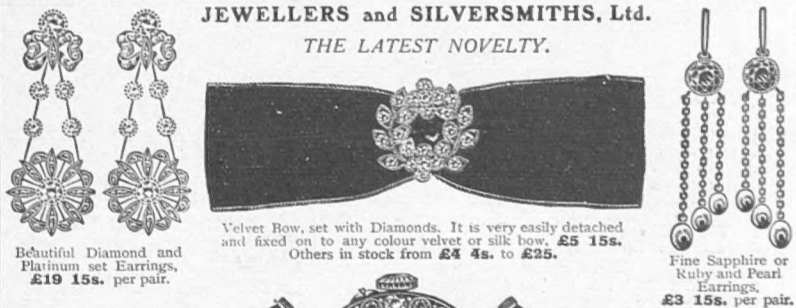
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## CHRISTMAS RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

CHRISTMAS is essentially the "home holiday" of the year, and in these days of expeditious and comfortable travel, the weather need not exclude any who may wish to join the family circle. The attractive programme issued by the Great Central Railway Company extends over the Midlands, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, or North of England. On Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 23 and 24, special expresses will leave Marylebone for over five hundred different stations. The tickets, issued at extremely low fares, will be available for return on the following Tuesday, Wednesday, or Saturday. Copies of this programme can be obtained, post free from Publicity Department, 216, Marylebone Road, London, N.W.

The Christmas and New Year holiday programme issued by the Great Northern Railway Company embodies a list of excursions to over 500 stations, and covers Scotland, the North-Eastern District, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and the Home Counties. The trains will be composed of corridor carriages and comfortably warmed. Week-end tickets issued on Friday, December 22, and Saturday, 23, also Friday, 29, and Saturday, 30, will be available for return on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday following date of issue. Programmes of the excursions, can be obtained gratis from the Superintendent of the Line, Dept. P. 62, G.N.R., King's Cross.

Holiday-makers intent on fresh and bracing air—those of whom the poet said, "O ye that have your eye-balls vex'd and tired, Fix them upon the wideness of the sea"—may find on the East Coast a wide prospect of earth and ocean which will enable them to comply with Keats' prescription. Clacton, Southcliff, Felixstowe, and other places are within easy reach of town by the excellent train service of the Great Eastern Railway. Cheap tickets can be had for the Christmas holidays, as well as the usual week-end, fortnightly, and tourist tickets. There is a mid-night supper train to Clacton every Saturday. Full details of the Christmas programme can be had free from the Superintendent of the Line, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

For those who follow the fashion and spend Christmas away from home, one of the pleasantest parts of the country is the West of England, where the scenery is beautiful and the climate in winter is comparatively mild, especially on the South Coast. There are many delightful places in Devon and Cornwall where a holiday is as enjoyable in December as in June. The Great Western Railway Company has arranged cheap excursions, tourist and week-end facilities, to a large number of attractive places on their line by fast and comfortable trains. Programmes of the Christmas arrangements can be obtained free from Mr. C. Aldington, Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station.

Each year the splendid hotels in the South Coast towns vie with each other in producing the most attractive list of entertainments for their visitors. The Christmas programme of the Brighton Railway which can be obtained from the Superintendent of the Line, L.B. and S.C.R., London Bridge, shows how these places can be easily reached. For visiting the Continent the Newhaven and Dieppe route is becoming more popular every year. A new feature this year will be an

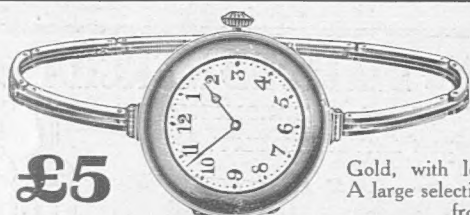
excursion to the Riviera (Cannes, Nice, Mentone, etc.) on Friday, Dec. 22, from Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Many are tempted abroad by winter sport in Switzerland and Austria; through tickets are issued and baggage registered through via Newhaven and Dieppe to all the principal resorts of Switzerland, and to Innsbruck, Meran, and Vienna.

Week-end tickets, available by any train (mail and boat expresses excepted), will be issued from London by the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway on Dec. 22, 23, and 24, available for return on Dec. 24, 25, 26, or 27, to a large number of places in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. On Christmas Day several extra trains will run, but the ordinary services will be as on Sundays. Full particulars as to times of trains, alterations in train-services, etc., will be found in the Holiday Programme and Special Train-Service Supplement. The Continental arrangements include cheap return tickets from London to the French Riviera, via Folkestone and Calais. Cheap tickets will also be issued to Calais, Boulogne, Ostend, and Flushing. For the winter sports in Switzerland, special arrangements have been made.

Exceptional facilities are offered by the Great Eastern Railway Company's British Royal Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route for visiting Holland and Germany at Christmas. Fourteen-day tickets will be issued to Brussels at reduced fares. The Danish Royal Mail steamers of the Forenede Line of Copenhagen will leave Harwich for Esbjerg, in connection with express trains to Copenhagen on Friday, Dec. 22, and Saturday, Dec. 23; returning Tuesday, Dec. 26, and Wednesday, Dec. 27. The General Steam Navigation Company's steamers will leave Harwich for Hamburg Wednesday, Dec. 20, and Saturday, Dec. 23; returning Wednesday, Dec. 27.

West-countrymen journeying home for the festive season will find many facilities for doing so in the London and South Western Christmas programmes. Week-end tickets will be extended to return up to and including Wednesday, Dec. 27. The winter season at Bournemouth bids fair to surpass all others. Boscombe adjoining, and Swanage across the bay, are delightfully warm and sunny at this time of the year. For a sporting holiday, Bude, on the Cornish coast, is unrivalled. For those spending Christmas abroad, fourteen-day tickets will be issued from London, via Southampton, to Paris and Havre, on Dec. 21, 22, and 23; to St. Malo, for Brittany, on Dec. 23, and to the Channel Islands on Dec. 22. Programmes are obtainable from Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

The Christmas excursion bookings from St. Pancras will commence on Dec. 21, and be continued up to Dec. 26. The field covered by these bookings includes all parts of the Midland Counties and the North of England, Scotland, and many parts of Ireland, notably Belfast and the North, via Heysham. Passengers travelling long distances will be accommodated by tickets available for various periods up to seventeen days. The company have given notice that they will not be able to accept general horse and carriage traffic for conveyance by passenger trains on Saturday, Dec. 23, nor provide saloons, reserved compartments, or seats on that date. The company have made special arrangements for dealing with the exceptional parcels traffic over their line during the month of December.

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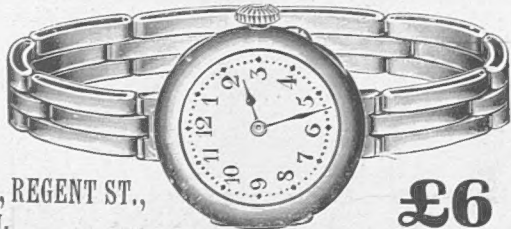
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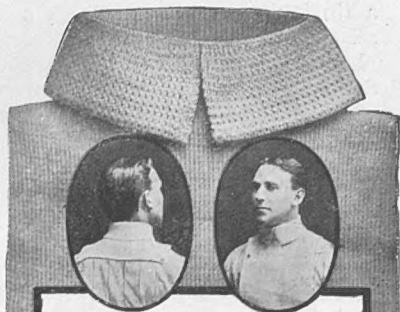
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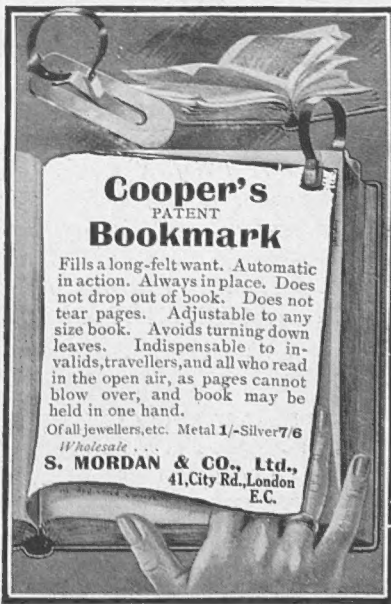
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**"The Fire-Seeker."** Antoinette Pemberton — "Tony," as she is called—has her author's whole-hearted sympathy and admiration from the start. She is the "fire-seeker," passionately alive and passionately in love with living. When her father was brought home from the hunting-field, hopelessly maimed, in spite of her sorrow her heart leapt in her body. "She had seen an immense thing—something greater than sorrow, or pain, or death—and she was alive all over. The flame of life dried up her tears. She buried her face in her pillows and felt a beast. She tried to cry and to be one with the weeping household, but she thought of his face as he had turned it to her mother after the operation, done without anæsthetics, as they dared use none. She thought of the laugh in his tortured eyes as he had told her mother to buck up and be thankful he was the size he was." Tony was the only virile thing in her doll's house of a home, where her once brilliant father had smothered his brilliance in the perfumed softness of her mother's boudoir. And when he died, Tony, just awake to the tragedy of his life, and the tyrannous tentacles of her mother's egoism, determined some way and somehow to do the thing her father should have done. This book is a history of her preparation for it.

**"Thanks to Sanderson."**

By W. PETT RIDGE.  
(Methuen.)

Mr. Pett Ridge has occupied himself entirely with what may be called the lower middle-classes in his latest book. He has the air of being a faithfully minute historian. Their houses, their humour, their ideals, and their clothes must be even as he has photographed them. They bear the stamp of truth, and there is certainly no romance to blur the impression. One feels that in the Sanderson family—parents and two children—Mr. Pett Ridge has mirrored a class rather than individuals. Mrs. Sanderson might be found presiding in any one of the million over-furnished front rooms, where a visitor "would

be faced with difficulties that an explorer found in mid-Africa, with a thick undergrowth of hassocks to trip up the unwary." And not all the native wit of the *milieu* can disguise its tragedy, which was Nature's own before it became Shakespeare's in "King Lear." Sanderson, an employé of the railway, and his kind, mettlesome wife, never disagreed on one subject—that of sacrifice for their Alfred and Winnie. We are permitted to see Alfred in his first bowler on his first trip to the West-End firm where his father's charm of personality had gained a billet for him; also Winnie, still in short frocks, but taking expensive music lessons, paid for by the self-denial of her parents. And nice, well-brought-up young people as they then appeared, certainly not destitute of a sense of duty or affection, they were not long in developing an edge which is said to be sharper than a serpent's tooth. Not that Sanderson ever said so, not being a king, and at best but an inspector of railway-tickets. But he struck a philosophy wiser than Lear's.

We regret that, on the "Small Talk" page in our last issue, an unfortunate mistake occurred in the paragraph mentioning the engagement of Miss Marjorie Isabel Skinner to Mr. Arthur Moon. The latter's name was given as "Mr. Moore." Mr. Arthur Moon is the elder son of the well-known K.C., Mr. Ernest Moon, Counsel to the Speaker. Miss Skinner is the eldest daughter of Major and Lady Kathleen Skinner. Her mother is a sister of the Earl of Bessborough.

Pearls are greatly in vogue at present, as all Society knows, and are increasing both in value and rarity. The enormous price realised for one pearl necklace at the sale of the ex-Sultan of Turkey's jewels in Paris makes one almost wonder what will eventually be the price of fine pearls. Undoubtedly, just at the present time there is a great demand for them, but also it is an undoubted fact that they are extremely scarce. Should this state of things continue, pearls acquired now will probably be worth much more a few years hence. Let's all go a bull in oyster-pips!



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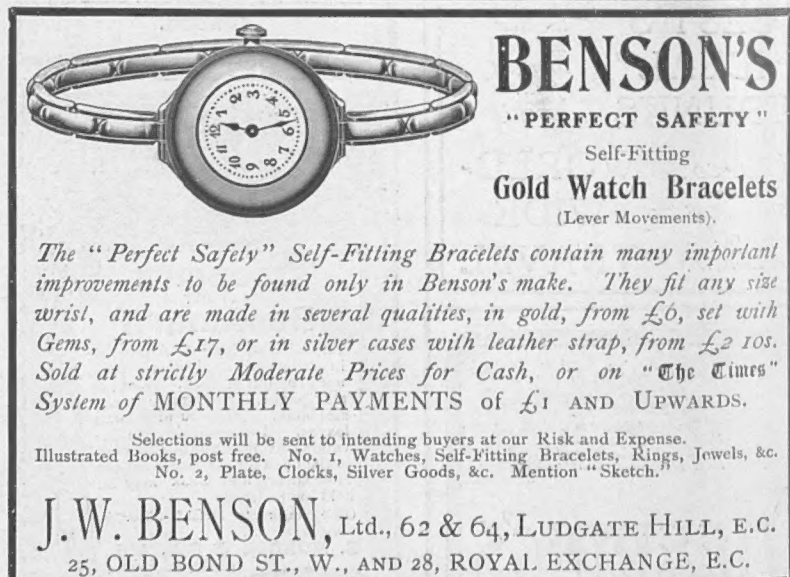
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